What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shadow of that brittle case,
Wherein were treasurd up those Gemms which he
Hath left behind him to Posterity.

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DIVINE FANCIES:

Digested into

EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

By FRA. QUARLES.

LONDON,
Printed by *G. D.* for *Richard Marriot*, and are to be sold by *William Sheares*, at the Sign of the Bible in St. *Pauls* Churchyard, 1652.

TO THE

ROYALL BUD

Of MAIESTIE, and *Center* of all our Hopes and Happineſs, CHARLES, *Prince* of Great *Brittain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, *SON* and *HEIR* Apparent to the *High* and *Mighty* CHARLES, by the *Grace* of God, *King* of Great *Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, &c.

Illuſtrious Infant:

GIve me leave to acknowledge my ſelf thy *Servant*, ere thou knoweſt thy Self my *Prince*: My Zeal

burns me, and my *deſires* are impatient: My breeding *Muſe* longs for *green fruit*, and cannot ſtay thy *ripeneſs*: *Sweet Babe*; The Loyaltie of my Service makes bold to conſecrate theſe early Leaves to thy ſacred *Infancie*, not knowing how to glorifie themſelves more, then by the Patronage of ſuch Princely *Innocencie*. Modell of Sweetneſs, Let thy buſie Fingers entertain this ſlender Preſent, and let thy harmleſs Smiles crowne it: When thy Infancie hath crackt the *Shell*, let thy Childhood taſt the *Kernel*; In the mean while, let thy little Hands and Eyes peruſe it: Lugg it in thy tender Arms, and lay thy burthen

at

at thy Royall *Parents* feet; for whoſe ſake it may gain ſome honour from their glorious *Eyes*. Heaven bleſſe thy youth with *Grace*, and crown thy Age with *Glory*: Angels conduct thee from the *Cradle* to the *Crown*: Let the *Engliſh Roſe*, and the *French Lillie* flouriſh in thy lovely *Cheek*: And let their united *Colours* preſage an everlaſting *League*. Let the eminent *Qualities* of both thy renowned *Grand-Fathers* meet in thy Princely Heart, that thou mayeſt in *Peace* be honourable, and in *War* victorious. And let the great addition of thy Royall Parents *Vertues* make thee up a moſt incomparable *Prince*, the

firm *Pillar* of our happiness, and the future *Object* of the Worlds wonder,

Expected and prayed for

By

Your Highnesses most Loyall

and Humble Servant,

FRA: QUARLES.

To

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE and truly Vertuous Lady, MARY *Counteſſe of Dorſet*, Governeſſe to that Royall *Infant*, CHARLES, *Prince of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, the Mirrour of unſtained* HONOUR.

Moſt Excellent LADY,

YOu *are that* Starre *which ſtands over the place where the* Babe *lies; By whoſe directions light, I am come from the* Eaſt, *to preſent my* Myrrh, *and* Frankincenſe *to the* Young Child:

Let

Let not our Royall JOSEPH, *nor his Princely* MARY *bee afraid; there are no* Herods *here; Wee have all seen his* Star *in the East, and have rejoyced: Our loyall hearts are full; for our eyes have seen him, in whom our Posterity shall be blessed: To him* most Honourable Lady, *I addresse my thoughts; To* Him, *I presume to consecrate these Lines; which since it hath pleased our gracious Soveraign to appoint you the* Governesse *of his Royall* Infancie, *I have made bold to present first, to your Noble Hands; not daring, in my very thoughts to dis-joyn, whom his Sacred* MAIESTIE, *in so great Wisedome hath put together; or consider severally, where his* Highness *hath made so inviolable a Relation.* Ma-

dam

dam, *May your Honours increaſe with your howers, and let eternall Glory crown your* Vertues; *that when this* Age *ſhall ſleep in Duſt, our* Children, *yet unborn, may honour your glorious Memory, under the happineſſe of his Government, whoſe* Governeſſe *you are; which ſhall be daily the Subject of his Prayers, who is.*

The ſworne Servant
of your Ladyſhips
Perfections.

FRA: QUARLES.

To the Readers.

READers, I will not (like One that knowes the ſtrength of his owne *Muſe*) commit *Rape* upon your *Underſtandings*, nor raile at your *Ignorances*, if our Wits jump not: I have written at my own perill; underſtand you at your own pleaſures: I have not ſo little *Man* in me, as to want my faults; nor ſo much *Foole* in me, as to think it; nor ſo little *Modeſty*, as to ſwear it; nor ſo much *Childe* in me, as to whine an *Zoilus*: My requeſt is, That the faultleſſe hand may caſt the firſt *ſtone*; So, although I cannot avoid the common Lot of man, *Error*,

I may escape the punishment of the Common man, *Censure*.

I here present thee with a *Hive of Bees*; laden, some with *Wax*, and some with *Honey*: Fear not to approach; There are no *Waspes*, there are no *Hornets*, here: If some wanton *Bee* should chance to buzze about thine eares, stand thy Ground, and hold thy hands: There's none will sting thee, if thou strike not first: If any doe; she hath Honey in her *Bag*, will cure thee too. In plainer tearmes, I present thee with a Book of *Fancies*; Among which, as I have none to boast of; so (I hope) I shall have none to blush at. All cannot affect all: If some please all; or all some, 'tis more than I expect; I had once thought to have melted the Title, and cast it into severall Books, and have lodg'd *Observations*, *Meditations*, and *Epigrams* by themselves; but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no help of Herauld, either to place, or to proclaim

claim them. *Cards* well ſhuffled are moſt fit for *Gameſters*; And oftentimes, the paſtime of *Diſcovery*, addes pleaſure to the *Enjoyment*: The Generous *Faulkner* had rather retrive his *Partridge* in the open fields, then meet her in his covered Diſh. Onely this: when you read a *Meditation*, let me entreat thee to forget an *Epigram*.

Farewell.

AD LECTORES UTRIUSQ: GENERIS.

Candide, si mala sint nostra inter carmina, parce;
Et bona si quæ sint, Zoile, parce tibi.

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THE END.

TO GOD.

Glorious and Great; whose power did divide
The Waves, *and made them* Walls *on either side;*
That didst appear in Cloven-Tongues *of* Fire;
Divide my thoughts: and with thy self inspire
My soul, O cleave my Tongue, *and make it scatter*
Various Expressions *in a various* Matter;
That like the painfull Bee, *I may derive*
From sundry Flow'rs, *to store my slender* Hive;
Yet may my thoughts *not so divided be,*
But they may mixe again, and fixe in Thee.

DIVINE

DIVINE FANCIES:

Digeſted into

EPIGRAMS, MEDITATIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS.

1.

On the Muſique of Organs.

OBſerve this *Organ*: Mark but how it goes:
'Tis not the hand of him alone that blows
The unſeen *Bellowes*; nor the hand that playes
Upon th' apparant note-dividing *Kayes*,
That makes the well-compoſed *Aires* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine ear:
They both concurr: Each acts his ſeverall part:
Th' one gives it *Breath*; the other lends it *Art*.

Man is this Organ: To whose every action
Heaven gives a *Breath*, (a Breath without *coaction*:)
Without which *Blast* we cannot act at all;
Without which Breath the *Universe* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of: seeing
In *Him* we *live*, we *move*, and have our *being*:
Thus fill'd with his Diviner *breath*, and backt
With his first power, we touch the *Kayes* and act:
He blowes the *Bellows*: As we thrive in skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like Musick, *Good* or *Ill*.

2.

On the contingencie of Actions.

I Saw him dead; I saw his Body fall
Before deaths *dart*, whom teares must not recall:
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have been lengthen'd, had th'untrodden way
To life been found: He might have rose again,
If *something* had, or *something* had not bin:
What mine lees past, Heaven's eye foresaw to come;
He saw, how that *contingent* Act should summe
The totall of his dayes: His knowing Eye
(As mine doth seece him dead) saw he should die
That very fatall hour; yet saw his death,
Not so so necessary, but his breath
Might been enlarg'd unto a longer date,
Had he neglected *this*, or taken *that*:
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both first and last;
He sees things *present*, as we see them past.

3.

On the Sacraments.

THe *Loaves of Bread* were five; the *Fishes* two
Whereof the multitude was made partaker.

Who made the *Fiſhes*? God: But tell me, who
Gave being to the *Loaves* of Bread? the *Baker*:
Ev'n ſo theſe Sacraments which ſome call ſeven,
Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and two by *Heaven*.

4.

On the Infancie of our Saviour.

HAyl bleſſed *Virgin*, full of heavenly *Grace*,
Bleſt above all that ſprang from humane race;
Whoſe Heav'n-ſaluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,
A bleſſed *Saviour*, and a bleſſed *Son*:
O! what a raviſhment 't had been, to ſee
Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee!*
To ſee him nuzzle in thy *Virgin* Breaſt;
His milk-white body all unclad, undreſt!
To ſee thy buſie fingers cloath and wrap
His ſpradling Limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
To ſee his deſp'rate *Eyes*, with childiſh grace,
Smiling upon his ſmiling Mothers face!
And when his forward ſtrength began to bloom,
To ſee him *diddle* up and down the Room!
O, who would thinke, ſo ſweet a *Babe* as this,
Should ere be ſlain by a falſe-hearted *Kiſſe*!
Had I a *Rag*, if ſure thy body wore it,
Pardon ſweet *Babe*, I thinke I ſhould adore it:
Till then, O grant this Boon, (a Boon far dearer)
The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

5.

On Judas Iſcariot.

WE rail at *Judas*, him that did betray
The *Lord* of life, yet doe it *day by day*.

6.

On the life and death of Man.

THe world's a *Theater*; The Earth, a *Stage*
Plac'd in the midst; whereon both *Prince* and *Page*,
Both *rich* and *poor*, *fool*, *wiseman*, *base* and *high*,
All act their *Parts* in Lifes short *Tragedie*:
Our Life's a Tragedie: Those secret *Rooms*
Wherein we tire us, are our Mothers *Wombs*;
The *Musick* ush'ring in the *Play*, is Mirth
To see a *Man-child* brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gaspe of *Breath* which first we vent,
Is a *Dumb-shew*, presents the *Argument*:
Our new-born-*cries*, that new-born-*griefs* bewray;
Is the sad *Prologue* of th'ensuing *Play*:
False *hopes*, true *fears*, vain *joyes*, and fierce *distracts*,
Are like the *Musick* that divides the *Acts*:
Time holds the *glasse*, and when the *hour's* run,
Death strikes the *Epilogue*, and the *Play* is done.

7.

On the seven liberal Sciences of a Christian.

Grammar.

IT is an *Art*, that teaches not t'excell
In Writing, Speaking, as in *Doing well.*

Logick.

IT is an *Art*, sometimes of plotting *treason*
Against the *crown* and *dignity* of *Reason*.

Rhetorick.

IT is an *Art*, whereby he learns t'increase
His knowledge of the time, to *Hold his peace.*

Arithmetick

Arithmetick.

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raiſe,
And number out Gods *Bleſſings*, and his *Dayes*.

Muſick.

IT is a potent *Science* that infringes (*hinges*.
Strong *Priſon* doors, and heaves them from their

Aſtronomie.

IT is an *Art*, of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Browes*, and lifting up the *Head*.

Geometrie.

IT is an *Art*, inſtructs him how to have
The world in ſcorn, and meaſure out his Grave.

8.

Chriſts four houſes.

HIs firſt houſe was the bleſſed Virgins *Womb*,
The next, a *Crutch*; the third, a *Croſſe*; the fourth, a
(*Tomb*.

9.

Of Light and Heat. (bright,

MArk but the Sun-beames, when they ſhine moſt
They lend this lower world both heat and light:
They both are Children of the ſelf-ſame Mother,
Twins; not ſubſiſting one without the other;
They both conſpire unto the *Common good*,
When in their proper places, underſtood:
Is't not rebellion againſt *Senſe* to ſay,
Light helps to quicken: Or, the beams of day

May lend a *Heat*, and yet no light at all?
'Tis true, ſome obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not ſo great,
To quench the operation of the *Heat*:
The *Heat* cannot be parted from the *Light*,
Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
Be mingled in the *Act*, nor found aſunder:
Diſtinguiſh now fond man: or ſtay and wonder.
Know then;
Their vertues differ, though themſelves agree,
Heat vivifies; *Light* gives man power to ſee
The thing ſo vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*:
And where the *heat's* but ſmall, the *light's* not great:
They are inſeparable, and ſworn *Lovers*,
Yet differing thus; *that* quickens, *this* diſcovers:
Within theſe lines a ſacred Myſt'ry lurks:
The *heat* reſembles *Faith*; the *light*, *good works*.

10.
On Judas Iſcariot.

SOme curſe that Traitor *Judas* life and limb;
God knows, ſome curſe themſelves in curſing him.

11.
On the poſſeſſion of the Swine.

WHen as our bleſſed *Saviour* did un-devill
The man poſſeſt, the Spirits in concluſion,
Entred the *Swine*, (being active ſtill in evill)
And drove them headlong to their owne confuſion.
Drunkards beware, and be adviſed then.
They'l find you as y'are *Swine*, if not, as *Men*.

12.

On a Sun-Diall.

THis Horizontall *Diall* can bewray
To the sad *Pilgrim* the hour of the *Day*:
But if the *Sun* appear not his Adviser,
His eye may look, yet he prove ne'er the wiser:
Alas, alas! there's nothing can appear,
But onely *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there.
This Diall is the *Scripture*, and the Sun,
Gods holy *Spirit*; *We*, the lookers on:
Alas, that sacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *spirit's* dead:
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Then if our eye had not beheld a Letter:
I, but this glorious *Sun* shines alwaies bright:
I, but we often stand in our own light.
Use then the day, for when the day is gone,
There will be *darknesse*: there will be no Sun.

13.

On the three Christian Graces.

Faith.

IT is a *Grace*, that teacheth to deprave not
The *goods* we have; to *have* the *goods* we have not.

Hope.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blameleſſe
In long delay: And men (in begging) shameleſſe.

Charity.

IT is a *Grace*, or Art to get a Living,
By selling Land, and to grow rich, by giving.

14.

On a Feast.

THe *Lord* of Heav'n and Earth ha's made a *Feast*,
And ev'ry *Soul* is an invited Guest:
The *Word's* the food; the *Levites* are the Cooks;
The Fathers Writings are their *Diet-Books*;
But seldome us'd, for 'tis a fashion grown,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their own: (*broil*
What they should *boyl*, they *bake*; what *roast*, they
Their lushious *Sallats* are too sweet with *oyle*:
In brief, 'tis now a daies too great a fault,
T'have too much *pepper*, and too little *salt*.

15.

On Dives.

THat drop-requesting *Dives* did desire
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whose flames he felt: Could he, a Fiend, wish well
To man? What, is there Charity in Hell?
Each soul that's damned is a *Brand* of fire,
To make Hell so much hotter; And the nigher
In blood or love they be, that are tormented,
The more their pains and torments are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that Fire.

16.

On outward shew.

JUdge not that *Field*, because 'tis Stubble,
Nor him that's poor, and full of trouble;
Though th'one look bare; the t'other thin;
Judge not; Their *Treasure* is within.

17.

On the reading of the Scriptures.

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*, beware,
Thou climbe no *ſtile*, when as a *gap* ſtands fair.

18.

On the Life of Man.

OUr Life's the *Modell* of a Winters day;
Our Soule's the *Sun*, whoſe faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our Earth light; a *light* but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
But low, at higheſt; very ſhort, at longeſt:
The childiſh Tears, that from our eyes doe paſſe,
Is like the *Dew* that pearls the morning graſſe:
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We goe to *ſchool* to learn; are whipt, and cry:
We ſtruant up and down; we make a ſpoil
Of precious *Time*, and ſport in our own toil:
Our Bed's the quiet *Grave*, wherein we lay
Our wearie Bodies, tyred with the Day:
The early *Trumpet*, like the Morning Bell,
Calls to account; where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; and ſuch as have miſ-ſpent
Their time, ſhall reap an earned *puniſhment*.
No wonder then, to ſee the *Sluggards* eyes,
So loath to goe to Bed, ſo loath to riſe.

19.

On the Crowing of a Cock.

THe Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft fore-ſhow
A change of Weather; *Peter* found it ſo:
The *Cock* no ſooner crew, but by and by
He found a *Change* of *weather* in his eye.

'Tis an eaſie thing to ſay, and to ſwear too,
Wee'l dye for Chriſt; but tis as hard to doe.

20

On Mammon.

Mammon's grown rich: Does *Mammon* boaſt of that?
The Stalled *Oxe*, as well may boaſt; Hee's fat.

21

On Church Contemners.

THoſe *Church Contemners*, that can eaſily waigh
The profit of a *Sermon* with a *Play*;
Whoſe teſty ſtomacks can digeſt as well,
A profer'd Injury, as a *Sermon* bell;
That ſay unwonted *Pray'rs* with the like wills,
As queazie Patients take their loathed *Pills*:
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Judgement, ſhould but give them Hea[ven]

22.

On Morus.

HE is no *Flemming*; for he cannot *ſwill*:
No *Roman*; for his ſtomack's fleſhly ſtill:
He cannot be a Jew; he was *baptiz'd*:
Nor yet a Gentile; he was *circumcis'd*:
He is no *True man*; for he lyes a trot:
Prophane he is not; for he *ſweares* ye not:
What is he then? One Feaſt without a *Bill*
Shall make him all; or which of all ye will.

Of

23.

On the Hypocrite.

NO mans condition is so base as his;
None more accurs'd than *he*: For *Man* esteemes
Him hatefull, 'cause he seemes not what he is:
God hates him, 'cause he is not what he seemes;
What griefe is absent, or what mischiefe can
Be added to the hate of *God and Man?*

24.

On a Pilgrim.

THe weary *Pilgrim*, oft, doth ask, and know,
How far hee's come; how far he has to goe:
His way is tedious, and his heart's oppresst,
And his desire is to be at *Rest*:
Our life's a *Wayfare*; yet fond Man delayes
To number out the number of his *Dayes*;
He cares not He, how slow his howers spend;
His Journey's better than his Journies end.

25.

On the Needle of a Sun-dial.

BEhold this Needle, when the *Artick* stone
Hath touch'd it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*; and cannot be possest
Of peace, untill it finde that point, that rest:
Such is the *heart* of man; which, when it hath
Attain'd the vertue of a lively faith,
It findes no rest on earth, makes no abode,
In any Object, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.

26.

On Affliction.

WHen thou afflict'ſt me, Lord, if I repine,
I ſhow my ſelf to be my own, not thine.

27.

On a Sun-Diall.

GOe, light a *Candle*: By that light, make tryall,
How the night ſpends it ſelf, by the *un-Dyall*:
Goe, ſearch the *Scriptures*, Labour to encreaſe
In the diviner knowledge of thy *Peace*
By thy own light, derived from thy mother:
Thou may'ſt as eas'ly doe the one, as t' other.

28.

On PETER.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to ſinke
Into the Sea, In what a caſe d' ye think,
H'had been, if he had truſted his complaint
To th' interceſſion of ſome helpfull *Saint?*
Believe it; if *Romes* doctrine had been ſound,
And ſoundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

29.

On Merits.

FIe, *Rome's* abus'd: Can any be thought able
To merit Heaven by *works?* 'Tis a meer fable:
If ſo; ſtout *Rome* had never been ſo faint
To move her ſuit by a Collaterall *Saint*.

On

30.

On Servio.

Servio ſerves God; *Seroio* has bare relation,
Not to Gods *glory* but his own *ſalvation*:
Servio ſerves God for life; *Servio*, 'tis well:
Servio may find the cooler place in Hell.

31.

A Soliloquie.

WHere ſhall I find my God? O where, O where,
Shall I direct my ſteps to find him there?
Shall I make ſearch in ſwelling Bags of *Coin*?
Ah no; For *God* and *Mammon* cannot joyn:
Doe Beds of *Down* contain this heavenly ſtranger?
No, no, He's rather cradled in ſome *Manger*:
Dwells he in wiſdome; Is he gone that rode?
No, no; Mans wiſdom's fooliſhneſſe with God:
Or hath ſome new *Plantation*, yet unknown,
Made him their *King*, adorn'd him with their *Crown*?
No, no; the Kingdomes of the earth think ſcorn
T'adorn his Browes with any Crown but Thorn.
Where ſhall I trace; or where ſhall I goe winde him?
My Lord is gone; and O! I cannot find him:
Ile ranſack the dark *Dungeons*; Ile enquire
Into the *Furnace* after the ſev'nth fire:
Ile ſeek in *Daniels* Den, and in *Pauls* Priſon;
Ile ſearch his *grave*, and ſee if he be riſen:
Ile goe to th' houſe of *mourning*; and Ile call
At every Alms-abuſed *Hoſpitall*:
Ile goe and ask the *Widow* that's oppreſt;
The heavy laden that inquireth reſt:
Ile ſearch the Corners of all broken *hearts*;
The wounded *Conſcience*, and the *ſoul* that *ſmarts*;

The

The contrite *spirit* fill'd with filiall fear;
I, there he is; and no where else but there:
Spare not to scourge thy pleasure, O my God,
So I may find thy *presence* with thy *Rod.*

32.

On Daniel *in the Den.*

FIerce *Lions* roaring for their prey! and then
Daniel thrown in! And *Daniel* yet remain
Alive! There was a *Lion* in the *Den*,
Was *Daniels* friend, or *Daniel* had been slain.
Among ten thousand *Lions*, Ide not fear,
Had I but onely *Daniels Lion* there.

33.

On those that deserve it.

OWhen our Clergy at the dreadfull *Day*,
Shall make their Audit; when the *Judge* shall say,
Give your accompts: What have my Lambs been fed?
Say, doe they all stand sound? Is there none dead
By your defaults? Come Shepherds, bring them forth
That I may crown your labours in their worth.
O what an answer will be given by some!
We have been silenc'd: Canons struck us dumb;
The Great ones would not let us feed thy flock,
Unlesse we plai'd the fooles and wore a Frock:
We were forbid unlesse we'd yeeld to signe
And crosse their browes, they say, *a mark of thine.*
To say the truth, great Judge, they were not fed,
Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead.
Ah cruell Shepherds! Could your conscience serve
Not to be fooles, and yet to let them sterve?
What if your Fiery spirits had been bound
To Antick habits, or your heads been crownd

With *Peacocks* Plumes; had yee been forc'd to feed
Your Saviours dear-bought Flock in a fools weed;
He that was ſcorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the *Curſe*
Of a baſe death, in your behalfs; nay worſe;
Swallow'd the cup of wrath charg'd up to th' *brim*;
Durſt ye not ſtoop to play the fooles for him?

34.

Doe this and live.

Doe this and live? 'Tis true, great God, then who
Can hope for life? for who hath power to *Doe*?
Art thou not able? Is thy task too great?
Canſt thou deſire help? Canſt thou intreat
Aid from a ſtronger Arm? Canſt thou conceive
Thy *Helper* ſtrong enough? Canſt thou *beleeve*
The ſufferings of thy dying Lord can give
Thy drooping ſhoulders reſt? *Doe this and live.*

35.

On Joſeph *and his Miſtreſſe.*

WHen as th' Ægyptian *Lady* did invite
Wel-favour'd *Ioſeph* to unchaſt delight,
How well the motion and the place agreed!
A beaſtly *Place*, and 'twas a beaſtly *Deed*:
A place well ſeaſon'd for ſo foul a ſin;
Too ſweet to ſerve ſo foul a maſter in.

36.

On Scriptum eſt.

SOme words excell in vertue, and diſcover
A rare concluſion, thrice repeated over:
Our *Saviour* thrice was tempted: thrice repreſt
Th' aſſaulting *tempter* with thrice *Scriptum eſt*.

If

If thou would'ſt keep thy ſoul ſecure from harm,
Thou know'ſt the words: It is a potent *Charm.*

37.

On the flouriſhing of the Goſpel.

HOw doe our *Paſtures* flouriſh, and refreſh
Our uberous *Kine*, ſo fair, ſo full of fleſh!
How doe our thriving *Cattell* feed our young
With plenteous *Milk*; and with their *fleſh* the ſtrong!
Heav'n bleſs our *Charles*, as he did our late *Fames*,
From *Pharohs* troubles, and from *Pharohs Dreames.*

38.

On Joſephs *Speech to his Brethren.*

GOe, fetch your *Brother* (ſaid th' Ægyptian Lord):
If you intend our Garners ſhall afford
Your craving wants their ſo deſir'd ſupplies;
If *He* come not, by *Pharohs* life y' are *Spies*:
Ev'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
Bring *him*, or dare not to behold my face:
Some little food, to ſerve you on the way,
We here allow, but not to feed delay;
When you preſent your *Brother* to our Hand,
Ye ſhall have plenty and poſſeſſe the Land;
Away, and let your quick obedience give
The earneſt of your Faiths; Doe this and live:
If not, your wilfull wants muſt want ſupply,
For ye are *Spies*, and ye ſhall ſurely dye:
Great God, the Ægyptian Lord reſembles *Thee*;
The Brother's *Ieſus*; and the Suitors *Wee*.

Of

39.
Of common Devotion.

OUr *God* and *Souldiers* we alike adore,
Ev'n at the Brink of danger, not before:
After deliverance both alike requited;
Our *God*'s forgotten, and our *Souldier*'s slighted.

40.
On the Day of Iudgement.

OWhen shall that time come, when the loud *Trump*
Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Dump
Of their sad *Urne*! That blessed *Day* wherein
My glorifi'd, my metamorphoz'd Skin
Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
And new refined substance of this flesh!
When my transparent Flesh discharg'd from groanes,
And paines, shall hang upon new polisht *Bones*!
When as my Body shall re-entertain
Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
When as my Soul shall by a new Indenture,
Possess her new-built *House*, come down and enter!
When as my Body and my Soul shall plight
Inviolable Faith, and never fight
Nor wrangle more, nor altercate agin,
About that strife-begetting question, *Sin*!
When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom
Of *O ye blessed of my Father, Come!*
When *Death* shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell
Within her proper and true Center, *Hell*!
Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chaines,
And overwhelm'd with everlasting paines;
Whilst I shall sit, and, in full Glory, sing
Perpetuall *Anthems* to my *Iudge*, my *King*.

On

41.
On Death.

WHy should we not, as well, desire *Death*,
As Sleep? No difference, but a little Breath
'Tis all but *Rest*; 'tis all but a Releasing
Our tyred limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?
Being burthen'd with the sorrowes of the *Day*,
We wish for night; which being come, we lay
Our Body down; yet when our very Breath
Is irksome to us, w' are affraid of *Death*:
Our *Sleep* is oft accompanied with Frights,
Distracting Dreames, and dangers of the nights;
When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Body's sure
From all such Evils, and we sleep secure:
What matter, *Downe*, or *Earth*? what boots it whether
Alas, our Body's sensible of neither:
Things that are sensleſſe feel nor paines nor ease;
Tell me; and why not *Wormes* as well as *Fleas*?
In *Sleep*, we know not whether our clos'd eyes
Shall ever wake; from *Death* w' are sure to rise:
I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our feares?
Dare we trust God for *Nights*? and not for *Yeares*?

42.
On the Body of Man.

MAns Body's like a *House*: His greater *Bones*,
Are the main *Timber*; And the lesser Ones,
Are smaller *Splints*: His ribs are *Laths* dawbd o'er,
Plaister'd with *flesh* and *bloud*: his Mouth's the *Door*:
His throat's the narrow *Entry*: And his Heart
Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art:
His *Midriffe*, is a large partition *Wall*,
'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall*:

His

His *Stomack* is the *Kitchen*, where the Meat
Is often but half ſod, for want of *Heat*:
His Spleen's a *Veſſell*, Nature doth allot
To take the *skum* that riſes from the Pot:
His Lungs are like the *Bellowes* that reſpire
In ev'ry office, quickning ev'ry Fire,
His Noſe, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
Such Fumes, as with the *Bellowes* are augmented:
His Bowels are the *Sinke*, whoſe part's to drein
All noyſome filth, and keep the *Kitchin* clean:
His Eyes like Cryſtall *Windowes* clear and bright
Lets in the *Object*, and lets out the *ſight*:
And as the *Timber* is, or great or ſmall,
Or ſtrong or weak; 'tis apt to ſtand, or fall;
Yet is the likelieſt *Building* ſometimes known,
To fall by obvious Chances; overthrown
Oft times by Tempeſts, by the full mouth'd *Blaſts*
Of Heav'n; Sometimes by Fire; Sometimes it waſte
Through unadvis'd *neglect*: Put caſe, the *ſtuffe*
Were ruin-proof, by nature ſtrong enough,
To conquer *Time* and *Age*: Put caſe, it ſhould
Nee'r know an end: Alas, our *Leaſes* would:
What Haſt thou then, proud *fleſh* and *blaud*, to boaſt?
Thy dayes are ev'll, at beſt; but few, at moſt;
But ſad, at merrieſt; and but weak, at ſtrongeſt;
Unſure, at ſureſt; and but ſhort, at longeſt.

43.

On the young man in the Goſpel.

HOw well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*
Agreed a little while? And, to ſay truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keep the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land*;
No doubt, his ſoul had found the ſweet fruition
Of his own choice deſires without Petition;

But

But he muſt *Sell* and *Follow*, or elſe not
Obtain his Heav'n; O now his Heav'ns too hot:
He cannot ſtay, he has no buſineſſe there:
Hee'l rather miſſe, then buy his Heav'n too dear:
When Broth's too hot for haſty Hounds, how they
Will lick their ſcalded lips, and ſneak away;

44.

On Mans goodneſſe, and Gods love.

GOd loves not man, becauſe that Man is *good*;
For Man is ſinfull, becauſe Fleſh and Blood:
We argue falſe: It rather may behove us,
To think us *good*, 'cauſe God thinks good to love us,
He that ſhall argue up from Man to God,
Takes but the paines to gather his own *Rod:*
Who from ſuch Premiſſes, ſhall draw's *Concluſion*,
Makes but a *ſyllogiſme* of his own confuſion.

45.

On mans Plea.

MAns *Plea* to *Man*, is, That he never more
Will beg, and that he never begg'd before:
Mans Plea to God, is, That he did obtain
A former Suit, and therefore ſues again.
How good a God we ſerve; that when we ſue,
Makes his old gifts th' examples of his new!

46.

On Furio.

Furio will not forgive; *Furio* beware:
Furio will curſe himſelf in the *Lords Prayer.*

47.
On Martha *and* Mary.

Martha, with joy, receiv'd her blessed Lord;
Her Lord she welcomes, feasts, and entertaines:
Mary sat silent; heares but speakes no word;
Martha takes all, and *Mary* takes no paines:
Mary's to hear; to feast him *Martha's* care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Mary's*?

Martha is full of trouble to prepare;
Martha respects his good beyond her own:
Mary sits still at ease, and takes no care;
Mary desires to please her self alone:
The pleasure's *Maries*; *Martha's* all the care is;
Now which is greater, *Martha's* love, or *Maries*?

'Tis true; Our blessed Lord was *Martha's* Guest:
Mary was his, and in his feast delighted;
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountifull Invitor, or the invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But *Mary* was the debter,
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

Maries was spirituall, *Martha's* love was carnall;
Th' one kist his Hand; the other but the Glove:
As far as mortall is beneath eternall,
So far is *Martha's* lesse than *Maries* love:
How blest is he, Great God, whose heart remembers
Marie's to Thee; and *Martha's* to thy Members!

48.
On our blessed Saviour.

WE often read our blessed *Saviour wept*;
But never laught, and seldome that he *slept*:

Ah,

Ah ſure, his heavie eyes did wake, and *weep*
For us that ſin, ſo oft, in *mirth* and *ſleep*!

49.
On ſinnes.

Sins, in reſpect of Man, all mortall be;
All veniall, *Jeſu*, in reſpect of Thee.

50.
On Mens Behaviour to God.

WE uſe our God, as Us'rers doe their hands;
We often bear him in our *hearts*, our *hands*;
His *Paths* are beaten, and his *Wayes* are trod,
So long as hee's a profitable God:
But when the Mony's paid, the Profit's taken,
Our *Bands* are canceld, and our *God's* forſaken.

51.
On Mens Crueltie.

AND dar'ſt thou venture ſtill to live in Sin,
And crucifie thy dying Lord agin?
Were not his *Pangs* ſufficient? muſt he bleed
Yet more? O, muſt our ſinfull pleaſures feed
Upon his Torments, and augment the Storie
Of the ſad paſſion of the Lord of *Glory*!
Is there no pittie? Is there no remorſe
In humane breaſts? Is there a firm divorce
Betwixt all mercy, and the hearts of Men?
Parted for ever? ne'r to meet agen?
No *mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,
Haſt it ſweet Jeſu for us, that have none
For thee: thou haſt foreſtall'd our *Markets* ſo,
That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:

Nay, bleſſed Lord, we have not wherewithall
To ſerve our ſhiftleſſe ſelves, unleſſe we call
To Thee, that art our *Saviour*, and haſt power
To give, and whom we crucifie, each hower:
We are cruell (Lord) to thee, and our ſelves too;
Jesu *forgive's*; *we know not what we doe.*

52.
Mans progreſſe.

THe Earth is that forbidden *Tree* that growes
In th'midſt of *Paradiſe*, Her *Fruit* that ſhowes
So ſweet, ſo fair, ſo pleaſing to the eyes,
Is worldly pleaſure in a fair diſguize:
The *Fleſh* ſuggeſts: *The fruit is fair and good;*
Apt to make wiſe, and a delicious Food;
It hath a ſecret vertue, wherewithall
To make you Gods; and not to dye at all.
She taſts, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
His Brother eats; One bit calls on another:
His guilty *Conſcience* opes his eyes; He ſees,
He ſees his empty nakedneſs, and flees;
He ſtitches ſlender *Fig-leaves* and does frame
Poor Arguments t'excuſe his Sin, his ſhame:
But in the cooler *evening* of his Dayes,
The voyce calls *Adam: Adam's* in a Maze:
His *Conſcience* bids him run: The voyce purſues;
Poor *Adam* trembles, ere he knows the newes:
Adam muſt quit the Garden, leſt he ſtrive
To taſte the ſaving *Tree of life*, and live;
Poor man muſt goe; But whither is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the *Ground.*

On

53.

On the two great Flouds.

TWo *Flouds* I read of; *Water* and of *Wine*;
The first was *Noahs*; *Lot* the last was thine:
The first was the *Effect*, the last, the *Cause*,
Of that foul Sin, against the sacred Lawes
Of God and Nature, *Incest*: *Noah* found
An *Arke* to save him, but poor *Lot* was drownd:
Good *Noah* found an *Ark*, but *Lot* found none:
We are safer in Gods hands then in our own:
The former flood of *Waters* did extend
But some few dales; this latter ha's no end,
They both destroy'd, I know not which the worst:
The *last* is ev'n as gen'rall, as the *first*:
The first being ceas'd, the world began to fill;
The last depopulates, and wastes it still:
Both *Flouds* ore-whelm'd both Man and Beast together
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign:
When shall we see a Rainbow after Wine?

54.

On Fuca.

Fuca, thou quot'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st *Rebecca* patronize thy pride;
Thou say'st that she wore *Eare-rings*: Did shee so?
Know this withall; She bore the *Pitcher* too:
Thou may'st like her, wear *Ear-rings*, if thy pride
Can stoop to what *Rebecca* did beside.

55.

On Abrahams *servant.*

THis faithfull *Servant* will not feed, untill
He doe his truſt-repoſing Maſters will:
There's many, now, that will not eat before
They ſpeed their *Maſters* work: *They'l drink the more.*

56.

On Alexander.

NO marvell, thou great *Monarch* didſt compla
And weep there were no other worlds to gi
Thy griefs and thy complaints were not amiſſe;
H'as Grief enough, that finds no world but this.

57.

On raſh Judgement.

JUdge not too faſt: This *Tree* that does appear
So barren, may be fruitfull the next year:
Haſt thou not patience to expect the hour?
I fear thy own are *Crabs* they be ſo ſour:
Thy Judgement oft may tread beſide the Text;
A *Saul* to day, may prove a *Paul* the next.

58.

On Jacobs *purchaſe.*

HOw poor was *Jacobs* motion, and how ſtrange
His offer! How unequall was th' exchange!
A meſſe of *Pottage* for Inheritance?
Why could not hungry *Eſau* ſtrive t'enhaunce
His price a little? So much under foot?
Well might he give him Bread and drink to boot:

An easie price! The case is ev'n our own;
For toyes we often sell our *Heav'n*, our *Crown*.

59.
On Esau.

WHat hast thou done? Nay, what shall *Esau* do?
Lost both his *Birth-right*, and his *Blessing* too!
What hath poor *Esau* left, but empty teares,
And Plaints that cannot reach the old mans eares?
What with the Fathers *Diet* and thine own,
Thy *Birthright's* alien'd, and thy *Blessing's* gone:
How dees one mischief overtake another?
In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
Could thy imperious stomack but have stay'd,
And if thy Fathers had not been delay'd,
Thou had'st not need have wept and pleaded so,
But kept thy *Birthright*, and thy *Blessing* too:
Had thy unprosperous, thy unluckie hand
Dispatch'd thy *Venison*, as it did thy Land,
Thy sorrows had not made so great a Heap:
That had not been so dear; nor this, so cheap:
Had thine giv'n place but to thy Fathers will,
Th'adst had thy *Birthright*, and thy *Blessing* still.

60.
On the absence of a Blessing

THe blessing gone, what do's there now remain?
Esau's offended; *Jacob* must be slain:
The heart of man once emptied of a Grace,
How soon the *Devil* justles in the place!

61

61.

On the younger Brother.

I Know, the *Elder* and the *Younger*, too,
Are both alike to God; Nor one, nor other
Can plead their years; But yet we often doe
Observe, the blessing's on the *younger Brother*:
The Scripture notes it, but does spare to show
A reason; therefore, I despair to know.

62.

On Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brothers Blood,
W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was *good*:
O, what a dearth of goodnesse did there grow,
When the *Fourth* part was murd'red at a blow!

63.

On the righteous Man.

PRomise is *debt*: And Debt implies a *payment*:
How can the righteous then doubt *food* and *raiment*?

64.

On Faith, Love, and Charity.

BY nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
Still upward: *Love*, by native course, descends:
But *Charity* whose nature doth confound
And mix the former two, moves ever round:
Lord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the Fire
Of sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire:
O, then, my circling *Charity* shall move
In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

65.
On Jacobs *Pillow.*

THe Bed was *Earth*, the raiſed Pillow, *Stones*,
Whereon poor *Jacob* reſts his head, his Bones;
Heaven was his *Canopie*; the ſhades of night
Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the *Light*:
Poor ſtate for *Iſaacs* heir! It ſeems to mee,
His Cattell found as ſoft a *Bed* as Hee:
Yet God appeared there, his *Ioy*, his *Crown*;
God is not alwaies ſeen in Beds of Doun:
O, if that God, ſhall pleaſe to make my *Bed*,
I care not where I reſt my bones, my head;
With Thee, my wants can never prove extream;
With *Iacobs Pillow*, give me *Iacobs Dream.*

66.
On Faith.

FAith do's acknowledge *gifts*, although we have not;
It keeps unſeen thoſe ſins, Confeſſion hid not;
It makes to enjoy the Goods we have not,
It counts as done, thoſe pious deeds we did not;
It works, endows, it freel' accepts, it hides:
What Grace is abſent where true *Faith* abides?

67.
On Zacheus.

ME thinks, I ſee, with what a buſie haſt,
Zacheus climb'd the tree: But, O how faſt,
How full of ſpeed, canſt thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he powder'd down agen!
He nee'r made tryall, if the boughs were ſound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:

Then

There was no danger fear'd: at ſuch a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall:
Needs muſt he down, by ſuch a *Spirit* driven;
Nor could he fall, unleſſe he fell to *Heaven*:
Down came *Zacheus* raviſht from the Tree;
Bird that was ſhot, ne'r dropt ſo quick as he.

68.

On the Thief and Slanderer.

THe *Thief* and *Sland'rer* are almoſt the ſame;
T'one ſteals my *goods*, the other my *good name*;
T'one lives in ſcorn; the other dies in ſhame.

69.

On Abrahams *pleading for* Sodom.

HOw loth was rghteous *Abraham* to ceaſe,
To beat the price of luſtfull *Sodomes* peace!
Mark how his holy boldneſſe intercepts
Gods *Iuſtice*; brings his *Mercy* down by ſteps:
He dares not bid ſo few as *Ten* at firſt;
Nor yet from *Fiftie* righteous perſons, durſt
His Zeal, on ſudden, make too great a fall,
Although he wiſht ſalvation to them all.
Great God! thy dying *Son* has pow'r to clear
A world of ſins, that one ſhall not appear
Before thine angry eyes: What wonder then,
To ſee thee fall, from *Fifty* down to *Ten*!

70.

On Mans goodneſſe.

THy hand, great God, created all things good;
But Man rebell'd, and in defiance ſtood
Againſt his own *Creation*, and did ſtain,
Nay loſt that goodneſs which the Beaſts retain;

What hap has man, poor Man, above the reſt,
That hath leſſe *goodneſſe* left him, then a *Beaſt!*

71.
On Zacheus.

SAort legg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happieſt *Tree*
That ever mortall climb'd, I mean, to *Thee*:
Thy pains in going up, receiv'd the Crown
Of all thy labour, at thy coming down:
Thy Statures lowneſs gave thee fair occaſion
To mount that *Tree*, that Tree, to find *Salvation*:
But was't the *Tree*, *Zacheus*? No, 'twas *Hee*,
Whoſe bleeding Body dy'd upon the *Tree*.

72.
On the Roman, Turk, and Atheiſt.

THe *Roman* worſhips God upon the *wall*;
The *Turk*, a falſe *God*; Th' *Atheiſt*, none at all.

73.
On Babels building.

GReat God, no ſooner born, but we begin
Babel's accurs'd Foundation, by our *Sin*:
Our *thoughts*, our *words*, our *deeds* are ever yielding
The ſad *Materials* of our ſinfull Building:
Should not thy *Grace* prevent it, it would even
Riſe, and riſe up, untill it reach'd to heaven:
Lord, ere our *Building* ſhall begin to ſhew,
Confound our *Language*, and our *Building* too.

74. *On*

74.

On the Thief and the Lyer.

THe *Lyer* and the *Thief* have one Vocation;
Their difference is but onely in their *Fashion*:
They both deceive; but diversly proceed:
The first deceives by *Word*, the last, by *Deed*.

75.

On the Egyptians Famine.

MArk but the course the pin'd *Egyptians* run:
When all their *coin*, when all their *corn* is done,
They come to *Joseph*, and their stomacks plead;
They change their *beasts* for *corn*, their *flocks* for *bread*;
Yet still they want: Observe now what they doo;
They give their *Lands*, and yeeld their *Bodies* too:
Now they have *Corn* enough; and now, they shall
Have *seed* to sow their barren soil withall;
Provided that the fifth of their increase
Be *Pharoes*: Now their stomacks are at peace:
Thus when the *Famine* of the Word shall strike
Our hungry *Souls*; our Souls must doe the like;
We first must part with, (as by their directions)
Our Flocks, our Beasts, our Bestiall *Affections*:
When they are gone; what then must Sinners doe?
Give up their *Lands*, their *Souls* and *Bodies* too:
O, then our hearts shall be refresht and fed,
We shall have *seed* to sow, and present *Bread*:
Allowing but the fifth of our increase,
We shall have plenty, and our souls have peace.
How art thou pleas'd, *good God* that *Man* should live!
How slow art thou to take! how free to give!

76.
On Zacheus.

WEll clim'd, *Zacheus*; 'Twas a ſtep well giv'n:
From hence toth' *Tree*, and from the *Tree* to
(Heaven!

77.
On the Ploughman.

JHear the whiſtling *Ploughman* all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a cheerfull ſong:
His Bed's a Pad of *Straw*; His dyet, courſe;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horſe*:
He ſeldome ſlakes his thirſt, but from the *Pumpe*;
And yet his heart is blithe; his viſage, plumpe;
His thoughts are nere acquainted with ſuch things,
As *Griefs* or *Feares*; He onely ſweats, and ſings:
When asthe Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a Qualm, if not refreſht with *Wiue*;
That cannot judge that controverted caſe,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bribe* of Sauce;
That claims the ſervice of the pureſt linnen,
To pamper and to ſhrowd his dainty skin in;
Groans out his dayes, in lab'ring to appeaſe
The rage of either *Buſineſſe*, or *Diſeaſe*:
Alas, his ſilken *Robes*, his coſtly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleaſure, but no *Quiet*:
The untold ſumms of his deſcended wealth
Can give his body plenty, but not *Health*:
The one, in Pains, and want, poſſeſſes all;
T'other, in Plenty, finds no peace at all;
'Tis ſtrange! And yet the cauſe is eaſly known;
T'one's at *Gods* finding; t'other, at his own.

78. O

78.

On a happie Kingdome.

THat Kingdome, and none other, happie is,
Where *Moſes*, and his *Aaron* meet and kiſſe.

79.

On Gods appearance to Moſes.

GOd firſt appear'd, to *Moſes*, in the *Myre*;
The next time he appear'd, h'appear'd in *Fire*;
The third time, he was known to *Moſes* eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majeſtie*.
Thrice God appears to Man: Firſt wallowing in
His foul pollution, and baſe *Myre* of Sin;
And like to *Pharoes* daughter does bemone
Our helpleſſe State, and drawes us for his own:
The next time, he appears in *Fire*, whoſe bright
And gentle flames conſume not, but give light;
It is the Fire of *Grace*, where man is bound
To d'off his *Shooes*, becauſe 'tis *holy ground*:
The laſt appearance ſhall be in that *Mount*,
Where ev'ry Soul ſhall render an Account
Of *good* or *evill*, where all things Tranſitory
Shall ceaſe; and *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

80.

On Gods Law.

Thy Sacred *Law*, O God,
Is like to MOSES *Rod*:
If we but keep it in our hand,
It will doe Wonders in the Land;
If we fleight and throw it to the Ground,
'Twill turn a *Serpent*, and inflict a Wound;
A *Wound* that Flesh and Bloud cannot endure,
Nor salve, untill the *Brazen Serpent* cure:
I wish not, *Lord*, thou shouldst *withhold it*;
Nor would I *have it*, and not hold *it*:
O teach me then, my God,
To handle MOSES *Rod*.

81.

On Pharoe's *Brick*.

OUr God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
His tale of *Brick*, and give no *Straw* for Fire:
His workmen wanted *straw*, and yet were lasht,
For not performance: We have *straw unbrasht*,
Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kick
Against our Burthens, and return no *Brick*:
We spend our Straw for *Litter* in the Stable
And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;
Thinke not on Israels sufferings, in that day
When thy offended Justice shall repay
Our labour; Lord, when thou upheav'st thy *Rod*,
Thinke *Pharoh* was a *Tyrant*; Thou, a *God*.

81

82.

On the insatiableneſſe of Mans heart.

THis *Globe* of earth ha's not the pow'r to fill
The heart of Man, but it deſires more ſtill:
By him that ſeeks, the Cauſe is eaſly found;
The Heart's *Triangular*, the earth is *Round*;
He may be full, but never to the brim
Be fill'd with Earth, till earth be fill'd with him.

83.

On Pharoe's *hard heartedneſſe.*

PLagues after *Plagues*! And yet not-*Pharph* yeeld
T'enlarge poor *Iſrael*! Was thy *heart* ſo ſteel'd,
Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withſtand
The oft repeated *Iudgements* of Heav'ns hand?
Could neither *Mercies Oyle*, nor *Iudgements thunder*
Diſſolve, nor break thy flinty heart in ſunder?
No, no, What *Sun-beams* ſoften not, they harden;
Purpos'd *Rebellions* are aſleep to Pardon.

84.

On the change of Pharoe's *fortune.*

OBſerve what *peace* great *Pharo's* kingdome found,
While *Ioſeph* liv'd; what *proſprous bleſſings* crownd
His happie dayes! Heav'ns plague-inflicting hand
Was then a ſtranger to his *peacefull Land*:
Peace was entayl'd upon his Royall *Throne*.
His Land had plenty, when the World had none;
His full *deſires* over-flow'd their Brim,
Favours came down unask't, unſought by him:
His *Scepter* flouriſh'd, from a God unknown,
No need to trouble any of his own:

While

While *Ioseph* liv'd, his *Blessings* had no end,
That God was his, whil'st he was *Iosephs* Freind:
These temp'rall Blessings heaven doth often, share
Unto the wicked, at the good mans Prayer.
But *Ioseph* dies: And *Iosephs* Sons must fall
Beneath their Burthens, and be scourg'd withall;
Whilst Tyrant *Pharohs* more severer hand
Keeps them laborious *Pri.'ners* in his Land:
God oft permits his Children to be hurld
Into distresse, to wean them from the world.
But *Pharaohs* Blessings alter with his *Brow*;
The budding Scepter's turn'd a *serpent* now:
His land must groan; her *plagues* must still increase,
Till *Iacobs* Off-spring, shall find *Iacobs* peace;
Gods Children are the apples of his Eye,
Whose touch is death, if being touch't; they cry.
Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuse,
Israel must go: *Pharoh* repents, pursues;
Pharoh wants *Brick*; *Pharoh* ere long, I fear,
Will find the purchase of his *Brick* too dear:
Moses holds forth his *Rod*; The *Seas* divide,
The *Waves* are turnd to *Walls* on either side:
They passe secure; *Pharoh* pursues them still:
God leaves his Children to the brunt of Ill:
The Chariot *Wheels* fly off, the *Harnesse* cracks;
One wants a *Nail*, the next, a *Hammer* lacks;
How Man is cross'd and puzzel'd in that Ploy,
Where Heaven denies successe, and prospers not!
Moses holds forth his *Rod*: The *Eastern* wind
Calls back the *Tydes*: The parted *Waters* joyn'd,
And overwhelm'd great *Pharo'* and *Pharoes Host*:
None scap'd to tell the news: All drown'd, and lost:
Thus thrives Rebellion: *Plagues* not doing good,
Oft-times conclude their *Ceremonie* in Bloud,
Thus hardned hearts grow more and more obdure;
And Heav'n cuts off, when Earth is most secure.

85 Qu

85.
On the First-born.

THe *First-born* of th' Ægyptians all were slain,
From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
But all that are *First-born* in *Israel*, be
Accepted, Lord, and sanctified to Thee:
Thy looks are alwayes turn'd upon the Prime
Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*:
Thy pleased Eye is fixt upon the *First*,
And from the *Womb* w' are thine, or else accurst.

86.
On Baptized Infants.

I Dare not judge those Judgements ill advis'd,
That hold such *Infants* sav'd, as die baptiz'd:
What hinders Life? *Originall* hath bin
New wash'd away; There's yet no *Actuall sin*:
Death is th' effect of *sin*: The Cause being gon,
What ground is left for Death to work upon?
I know not: But of Israels sons 'tis found,
Moses was sav'd; I read that none was drownd

87.
On the grumbling Israelites.

NO sooner out, but grumble? Is the *Brick*
So soon forgotten? 'Tis a common trick:
Serve God in plenty: Ægypt can doe thus;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us:
Some sullen Curres, when they perceive a Bone,
Will wag their Tailes and faune; but snarle if none.

On

88.

On Mans Rebellion.

O How perverse is *Flesh* and *Bloud*! in whom
Rebellion blossoms from the very Womb!
What Heav'n commands how lame we are to doe!
And things forbid how soon perswaded to!
We never read rebellious *Israel* did
Bow to strange gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

89.

On Israel.

HAd *Israel*, in her want, been truly humbled,
Isr'el had *pray'd*, and *gron'd* to heav'n, not *grumbled*,
But *Isr'el* wanted food: *Isr'els* complaint
Could not be fervent, *Isr'el* being faint:
Isr'el gets food: Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeal is dull.
Lord, when art thou in season? When's the time,
To doe thee service? When's our *Zeal* in prime?
'Tis alwayes either not full ripe or wasting:
We cannot serve our God nor *Full* nor *Fasting*.

90.

On the Sinners Refuge.

HE that shall shed, with a presumptuous hand,
The bloud of *Man*, must by thy just command,
Be put to death; The *Murtherer* must dye;
Thy Law denies him refuge where to flye:
Great God, our hands have slain a *man*; nay further,
They have committed a presumptuous murther
Upon a guiltlesse *Man*; Nay, what is worse,
They have betraid our *Brother* to the Curse.

Of

Of a reprorchfull *death*; Nay, what exceeds,
It is our *Lord*, our dying *Saviour* bleeds:
Nay more, it is thy *Son*, thy *onely Son*;
All this have we, all this our hands have done:
On what dear *Objects* shall we turn our eye?
Look to the *Law*? O! by the Law we dye.
Is there no *Refuge*, Lord? No place that shall
Secure our souls from *Death*? Ah, none at all?
What shall poor *Mortals* doe? thy Laws are just,
And most irrevocable: Shall we trust
Or fly to our own *Merits*, and be freed
By our good *Works*? I, there were help indeed!
Is there no *City* for a Soul to flye
And save it self? Must we resolve to dye?
O infinite! O not to be expresst!
Nay, not to be conceived by the brest
Of *Men* or *Angels*! O transcendent *Love!*
Incomprehensible! as far above
The reach of *Man*, as mans deserts are under
The sacred Benefit of so blest a *Wonder*!
That very *Bloud* our sinfull hands have shed,
Cryes loud for *Mercy*, and those *Wounds* doe plead
For those that made them: he that pleads, forgives;
And is both *God*, and *Man*; both dead, and lives;
He whom we murther'd is become our *Guarden*;
Hee's Man, to suffer; and Hee's *God*, to pardon:
Here's our *Protection*; Here, our *Refuge* City,
Whose living springs run *Piety* and *Pity*;
Goe then, my *Soul*, and passe the common Bounds
Of *Passion*, Goe, and kneel before his *Wounds*;
Goe touch them with thy lips; thou need'st not feare
They will not bleed afresh, though Thou be there:
But if they doe, that very *Bloud* thou spilt,
Beleev't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

91.

On the deposing of Princes.

I Know not by what vertue *Rome* deposes
A Christian *Prince*: Did *Aaron* command *Moses*?
If sacred Scriptures mention such a thing,
Sure *Rome* has colour to depose a *King*.

92.

On PETERS *Keyes.*

THe pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
He opens Heav'n; He shuts the *Doores* of Hell
The *Keyes* are his; In what a case were they,
Should *Peters* Successors mistake the *Key*?

93.

On Offerings.

ARe all such *Offrings* as are crusht, and bruis'd,
Forbid thy *Altar*? May they not be us'd?
And must all *broken things* be set apart?
No Lord: Thou wilt accept a *Broken heart.*

94.

On Usurers.

OF all men, *Usurers* are not least accurst;
They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' Afflicted worst:
In others grief they'r most delighted in;
Whil'st *Givers* suffer for the *Takers* sin.
O how unjust a *Trade* of life is that,
Which makes the *Lab'rers* lean, and th' *idle* fat!

On

95.

On Repentance.

CAnst thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*,
From the well-feasted *Wormes*? Or put on fresh?
Canst thou redeem thy *Ashes* from the dead?
Or quit thy Carkasse from her *sheet* of *Lead*?
Canst thou awaken thy earth-closed *eyes*?
Unlock thy Marble Monument and rise?
All this thou may'st perform, with as great ease,
As to repent thee, mortall, when thou please:
It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed*, that thou art in:
Th' art not *asleep*, but thou art *dead* in *Sin*.

96.

On Wine and Water.

NAture and *Grace*, who ever tasted both,
Differ as much, as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
This cleanseth (if not grosly stain'd with *Sin*)
The outward *Man*; but lowers not within:
That cheares the Heart, and makes the Courage bold,
Quickens and warmes dead *spirits* that are cold:
It fires the *Bloud*; and makes the *Soul divine*:
O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

97.

On Balaams *Asse.*

THe *Asse*, that for her slowness was forbid
To be imployed in Gods service, did
Perform good service now, in being slow:
The *Asse* received stripes, but would not goe:
She baulk'd the way, and *Balaam* could not guide her:
The *Asse* had far more wisdome than the *Rider*:

The

The *Message* being bad, the *Asse* was loth
To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy sloth;
'Twas well for *Balaam*: Had his *Asse* but try'd
Another step, *Balaam* had surely dy'd.
Poor *Asse!* And was thy faithfull service payd
With oft-repeated stroaks? Had'st thou obayd,
Thy Lord had bought thy travell with his blood;
Such is mans payment, often bad for good:
The *Asse* begins to question with his *Master*,
Argues the case, pleads why he went no faster:
Nay, shewes him *Myst'ryes*, far beyond his reach;
Sure, God wants Prophets, when dull Asses preach:
The *Asse* perceives the *Angell*, and falls down;
When *Balaam* sees him not, or sees unknown:
Nor is't a wonder: for Gods *Spirit* did passe
From blindfold *Balaam*, into *Balaams Asse*.

98.

On some raw Divines.

SOme raw *Divines*, no sooner are espous'd
To their first *Wives*, and in the *Temple* hous'd.
But straight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin
T' appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battailes* in;
School-men must war with *School-men*: *text* with *text*:
The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next
The *Septuagints*: *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
The *Papist* holds the first; the last th' *Arminian*;
And then the *Councels* must be call'd t' advice,
What this of *Lateran* sayes, what that of *Nice*:
And here the point must be a new disputed,
Arius is false; and *Bellarmin's* confuted:
Thus with the sharp *Artill'ry* of their Wit,
They shoot at *random*, careless where they hit:
The slightly studied *Fathers* must be prayd,
Although on small acquaintance, in to ayd,

Whe

Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a glosse
Upon their *Paint*, whose Gold must gild their *drosse*,
Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them,
From all his *Errors*, like a School-boyes *Theam*;
Free-will's disputed, *Consubstantiation*,
And the deep Ocean of *Predestination*,
Where, daring venture, oft, too far into 't,
They *Pharoh* like, are drown'd both *Horse* and *Foot*:
Forgetting that the Sacred *Law* enjoynes
New-married men to sit beneath their *Vines*,
And chear their *Wives*: They must not venture out
To *Warre*, untill the Year be run about.

99.
On buying of the Bible.

'Tis but a folly to rejoyce or boast,
How small a *price*, thy well-bought *Pen'worth* cost
Untill thy death, thou shalt not fully know
Whether thy *Purchase* be good, cheap, or no;
And at that day, beleev't, it will appear,
If not extreamly *cheap*, extreamly *dear*.

100.
On the buying of the New Testament.

Reader, If thou wilt prove no more
Then what I term thee, ev'n before
Thou ask the *price*, turn back thine eye;
If otherwise, unclaspe, and buy:
Know then, the *price* of what thou buy'st,
Is the dear Blood of *Jesus Christ*;
Which *Price* is over-dear to none,
That dares protect it with his *own*:
If thou stand guilty of the *price*,
Ev'n save thy purse-strings, and be wise;

Thy

Thy mony will but in conclusion,
Make purchase of thy own *Confusion:*
But if that guilt be done away,
Thou mayst as safely buy, as pay.

100.

To my BOOK.

MY *Little* Pinnace, *strike thy* Sailes,
Let slip thy Anchor: *The* Wind *failes:*
And Sea-men oft in Calmes *doe fear*
That foul, and boystrous weather's near;
If a robustious Storm *should rise,*
And bluster from Censorious Eyes,
Although the swelling Waves be rough,
And proud, thy Harbour's *safe enough:*
Rest, rest a while, till ebbing Tides
Shall make thee stanch *and* breme *thy sides;*
When Windes *shall serve, hoist up thy* Saile,
And fly before a prosp'rous Gale;
That all the Coasters *may resort,*
And bid thee welcome to thy PORT.

The end of the first *Book*.

DIVINE FANCIES:

The second Book.

I.

To Almighty GOD.

LORD, Thou requir'st the first of all our *Time*,
The first of all *Actions*, and the prime
Of all our *Thoughts*; And, *Lord*, good reason, we,
When thou giv'st all, should give the *First* to Thee:
But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance slue:
We pinch thy *Offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;
We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
We thrust our three-tooth'd *Flesh-hook* in thy *Pot*,
That onely, what the *Flesh-hook* taketh not,
We share to thee: Lord, we are still deceiving;
We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:
Our Sluttish *Bowles* are cream'd with soil and filth;
Our Wheat is full of *Chaffe*; of *Tares*, our Tilth:
Lord, what in *Flesh* and *Bloud* can there be had,
That's worth the having, when the best is bad!
There's nothing *good*, unlesse thou please to make it;
Do, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

2. *On*

2.

On Gods Diet.

DEar Lord, when we approach thy sacred *Fire*,
To burn our *Sacrifice*, thou do'st require
The *Heads* of ev'ry Beast that dyes; the *Hearts*,
Th' enclosed *Fat*; and all the *Inward parts*:
Our *Senses* and our *Memories* must be
All set apart, and sanctifi'd to Thee;
The strength of our *Desires*, the best perfections
Of our imperfect *Wills*, the choyce affections
Of our refined *Hearts* must all conjoyn
To seek thy *Glory*: They must all be thine:
I know thy *Dyet*, Lord; Of all the rest,
Thou do'st affect the *Head* and *Purtnance* best.

3.

On Moses Birth and Death.

WE read, no sooner new-born *Moses* crept
Into this vale of *Teares*, but th' Infant wept;
But, being warned of his *Death*. his *Last*,
We find it storied, that he sung as fast:
These sev'rall Passions found their reason, why,
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye:
To whom this transitory life shall bring
Just cause to *weep*, there Death gives cause to *sing*.

4.

On Jeptha's Vow.

VIctorious *Jeptha*, could thy *Zeal* allow
No other way, then by a rash made *Vow*,
T' expresse thy *Thanks*? A *Vow*, whose undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious than the making:

'T

Twas cruell *Piety* that taught thee how
To paddle in thy *Daughters* Bloud: But thou
Unlucky *Virgin!* was there none to be
Betwixt thy Fathers mortall *Brow*, and *Thee*?
Why cam'st thou forth, sweet *Virgin?* To what end
Had'st thou such needlesse haste? Thou cam'st to lend
Thy filiall *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wreath*:
Thou thought'st to meet a *Blessing*, and not *Death*:
Rash *Iephta*! may not thy repentance quit
That *Vow*, when Rashnesse was the cause of it?
Deanst thou not dispense with that, wherein
Thy strict Religion's a presumptuous *Sin*?
Is she unhappy, or thou cruell rather?
Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruell *Father*.

5.

On Jesus *and* Sampson.

AN *Angel* did to *Manoahs* wife appear,
And brought the news her barren *Womb* should bear:
Did not another *Angel*, if not Thee,
Thrice blessed *Virgin*, bring the same to thee?
The Wife of *Manoah* (nine moneths being run)
Her Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth a *Son*:
To thee, sweet *Virgin*, full of Grace and Heaven,
A *Child* was born, to us a *Son* was given:
The name of hers was *Sampson*, born to fight
For captiv'd *Israel*, and a *Nazarite*:
Thine was a *Nazarite* too, and born to ease us
From Satans burthens, and his name is *Iesus*:
Sampson espous'd, and took in Marriage her
That was the child of an *Idolater*;
Our *Iesus* took a wife, that bow'd the knee
And worpshipp'd unknown *gods*, as well as she:
Assaulted *Sampson* met, and had to doe
With a fierce *Lion*; foyld, and slue him too:

Our

Our conquering *Jesus* purcha'd higher fame;
His arme encountred *Death*, and overcame:
Victorious *Sampson* stept aside, and drew
Pure *Honey* from the Carcasse that he slew;
When our triumphing *Iesus* sought, and found
A greater *sweetnesse* in his *Lions* wound.
Uxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
His purchas'd Honey to his fairest *Bride*:
But what? Is *Sampson* singular in this?
Did not our *Iesus* doe the like to *his*?
Sampson propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
The folded Myst'ry in his faithlesse Bride:
Our blessed *Iesus* propounds *Riddles* too,
Too hard for Man, his Bride unsought t' undoe:
The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson*; do's betroah her
To a new *Love*, and falsly weds another:
And did not the adulterous *Iewes* forgoe
Their first Love *Iesus*, and forsake him too?
Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to wed
The *younger sister* in the Elders stead:
Displeased *Iesus* hath espous'd the *Younger*;
God send her fairer; and affections stronger.
Sampson sent *Foxes* on his fiery errant,
Among their corn, and made their *crimes* his *warrant*:
Offended *Iesus* shewes as able signes
Of wrath: His *Foxes* have destroy'd their *Vines*:
Our *Sampsons* love to *Dalilah* was such,
That for her sake poor *Sampson* suffered much:
Our *Iesus* had his *Dalilah*: For her
His Soul became so great a sufferer.
Sampson was subject to their *scorn* and *shame*:
And was not *Iesus* even the very same?
Sampson's betrayed to the *Philistians* hands,
Was bound a while, but quickly brake his bands:
Iesus the first, and second day, could be
The *graves* close pris'ner; but, the third was free.

In this they differ'd ; *Iesus* dying Breath
Cry'd out for *Life*, but *Sampsons* call'd for *Death*:
Father forgive them, did our *Jesus* crie ;
But *Sampson*, *Let me be reveng'd and die*:
Since then, *sweet Saviour*, 'tis thy *Death* must ease us,
We flie from *Sampson*, and appeal to *Jesus*.

6.

On Elies *double censure.*

WHen barren *Hanna* prostrate on the Floor,
In heat of *zeal* and passion, did implore
Redresse from Heav'n, censorious *Eli* thought
She had been drunk, and checkt her for her fault ;
Rough was his *Censure*, and his *Check*, austere:
Where mildnesse should be us'd, we are oft severe.
But when his lustfull Sons, that could abuse
The *House* of God, making her Porch their *stues*,
Appear'd before him, his indulgent tongue
Compounded rather then rebuk'd the wrong ;
He dare not shoot, for fear he wound his *Childe*;
Where we should be severe, w'are oft too milde.
Unequall *Eli* ! was thy *sentence* just,
To censure *Zeal*, and not to punish *Lust* ?
Could thy Parentall mildnesse but have past
The former by as easily, as the last ;
Or had the last, by just proportion, bin
Rated but like the first supposed sin,
Perchance thy aged head had found increase
Of some few dayes, and gone to sleep in peace :
Passions misplac'd are dangerous : Let all
Remember *Elies Faults*, with *Elies Fall.*

7.
On the refining of Gold.

HAst thou observed how the curious hand
Of the *Refiner* seeks to understand
The inadult'rate-pureneſſe of his *gold*?
He weighs it firſt, and after does infold
In *Lead*, and then commits it to the *Fire*;
And, as the *lead* conſumes, the *gold* drawes nigher
To his perfection, without waſt or loſſe
Of his pure ſubſtance, but his weight, his droſſe:
The Great *Refiner* of Mans baſer *Heart*
Uſes the like, nay, ſhowes the ſelf ſame *Art*;
He weighs it firſt, and finding it too full
Of *Traſh* and *Earth*, he wraps it in ſome dull
And leaden croſſe, of *puniſhment*, or *ſin*;
Then, tries it in Afflictions *Fire*; wherein
The *lead* and *droſſe* evaporate together,
And leaves the *Heart* refin'd, and quit of either:
Thus though mans Heart be leſſen'd by the *Croſſe*,
And lighter; 'tis but lighter by the *Droſſe*.

8.
On Dagon *and the Ark.*

WHat news with *Dagon*? Is thy ſhrine ſo hot,
Thou canſt not keep it? or has *Dagon* got
The falling ſickneſſe, that his *godſhip's* found
In ſuch a poſture, proſtrate on the ground?
Poor helpleſſe *god*! But ſtay! Is *Dagon* grown
So weak ith' hams: nor ſtand, nor riſe alone?
A *god*, and cannot riſe? 'Tis very odd!
He muſt have help, or lye: *A proper god*!
Well, *Dagon* muſt require help of hands;
Up *Dagon* goes the ſecond time, and ſtands

As confident as though his place had bin
His own, in *Fee*: Down *Dagon* falls agin:
But *Dagon*'s ſhrewdly martyr'd with the jump,
Loſt *Hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *ſtump*:
Sure, all's not well with *Dagon*, now of late;
Hee's either ſick, or much forgot the State
Belonging to ſo great a *god*: Has none
Offer'd ſome ſtinking *Sacrifice*, or blown
Some nauſeous fume into his ſacred *Noſe*,
And made his *god-ſhip* dizzie? Or who knowes,
Perchance h'as taken Pet, and will reſigne
His ſullen place, and quit his empty Shrine.
No wonder, a *falſe God* ſhould ſtoop, and ly
Upon the floor when as a *true God's* by:
It was unlikely *Dagon* ſhould forbeare
Reſpite of *Homage*, when the *Ark* was there:
If I would worſhip a falſe *god* at all,
It ſhould be one that would not ſcorn to fall
Before his *Betters*: whoſe indifferent arme,
If it could doe no good, could doe no harme;
I'de rather chooſe to bend my idle knee,
Of all falſe *gods*, to ſuch a *god* as he,
Whoſe ſpirit's not too *quick*: *The fabulous Frog*
Found greater danger in the Stork, then Log:
And to conclude, I'de chooſe him, *Dagon* like,
Not having *Head*, to plot; nor *Hand*, to ſtrike.

9.
On Saul *and* David.

Sure, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
As I: and *David* dream'd of ſuch a thing,
As much as he; when both alike did keep,
The one his Fathers *Aſſes*; t'other *Sheep*:
Saul muſt forſake his *Whip*; and *David* flings
His *Crook* aſide; And they muſt both be *Kings*:

Saul had no *ſword*, and *David* then no *ſpear*,
There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there;
There was no *ſweat*, there was no *bloud* to ſhed:
The unſought Crown beſought the *wearers* head,
There was no *ſtratagem*; No Oppoſition,
No taking parts; No jealous *Competition*:
There needs no *Art*, There needs no *ſword* to bring,
And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*.

10.

On David *and* Goliah.

SAtan's the great *Goliah*, that ſo boaſts
And threats our *Iſrael*, and defies her *Hoſts*:
Thoſe ſmoother *ſtones* couragious *David* took
From the ſoft boſome of the ſilver Brook,
Are *Scriptum eſts*: The *ſling* that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; That makes them flie, and flie aright:
Lord, lend me *Davids ſling*, and then I know,
I ſhall have *Davids ſtrength* and *courage* too:
Give me but skill to pick ſuch *ſtones* as theſe,
And I will meet *Goliah* when he pleaſe.

11.

On Sauls *Witch.*

WHen *Saul* receiv'd no *anſwer* down from *Heaven*,
How quickly was his jealous *paſſion* driv'n
A deſp'rate Courſe! He needs muſt cure the *Itch*
Of his extream deſires, by a *Witch*:
When we have loſt our way to God, *how levell,*
How eaſie to be found's the way to th' Divell.

12. On

12.

On the neceſſitie of Gods preſence.

WHen thou wert preſent with thy *ſtrengthning Grace*,
Saul propheſied, and fought:
But when, *Great God*, thou didſt withdraw thy *face*,
Murther was in his thought:
Thus, as thou giv'ſt, or tak'ſt away thy *hand*,
We either *fall* or *ſtand*.

13.

Davids *Epitaph on* Jonathan.

HEre *lies the faireſt* Flour *that ſtood*
In Iſr'els Garden; *now*, *in* Bloud;
Which Death to make her Garland *gay*,
Hath crop't, *againſt her* Triumph Day:
Here, *here lies Hee whoſe Actions pen'd*,
The perfect Copie *of a Friend*:
Whoſe milk-white Vellam *did incur*
No leaſt ſuſpition of a Blur:
Here lies the example of a Brother,
Not to be follow'd by another;
The fair indented Counter-part
Of Davids Joy, *of* Davids Heart:
Reſt then; *For ever reſt alone*;
Thy Aſhes *can be touch'd by none*,
Till Death *hath pickt out ſuch another*:
Here lies a Flou'r, *a* Friend, *a* Brother.

14.

On Gods Word.

GOds ſacred *Word* Is like the *Lamp* of Day,
Which ſoftens *wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;

It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures;
It never falls in vain; It *wounds*, or *cures*,
Lord, make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax*, and *Honey* too.

15.
On Man.

BY Nature, Lord, men worse than nothing be;
And lesse than *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee*:
If lesse and worse than *Nothing*, tell me then,
Where is that *Something*, thou so boasts proud *Man*?

16.
On Ahaz *Dyall.*

MAns *Heart's* like *Ahaz Dyall*; If it flees
Not forward, it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

17.
On Lust.

LUst is an *Ignis fatuus*, that ariſes
From the base *Earth*, that playes her wanton prize
In solitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts
Dark places, whose deceitfull flame inchaunts
The wandring steps of the diverted *stranger*,
Still tempting his miſ-guided feet to danger:
She never leaves, till by her fair deluſion,
She brings him headlong to his own *confuſion*.

18.
On Thamar *and* Amnon.

SHe must be lov'd, then courted; and what more?
Enjoy'd; then hated; then expeld the doore:

Amnon

Amnon muſt be diſcover'd; muſt obtain
Licenſe to feaſt; and then, be drunk, then ſlain:
O what Repoſe is had in ſinfull *Breath:*
Whoſe love, in *hate*; whoſe mirth concludes in *death!*

19.

On Love and Luſt.

THey'r wild, that take baſe Luſt, for Loves *half brother*,
Yeelding two *Fathers*, but the ſelfſame *Mother*:
Luſt is a Monſter, that's conceived and bred
Of the abuſed *Will*, maintain'd and fed
With *ſenſuall thoughts*; Of nature rude, uncivill;
Of life, robuſtious, and whoſe *Sire*'s the Devill;
But *Love*'s the Child of th' *uncorrupted Will*,
Nouriſh'd with *Vertue*, poys'ned with the *ſwill*
Of baſe reſpects; Of nature, ſweet and milde;
In manners gentle; eaſily known whoſe *Childe*;
For, by the likeneſſe ev'ry eye may gather,
That hee's the Off-ſpring of a Heav'nly *Father*:
This, ſuffers all things; *That*, can ſuffer nothing:
This, never ends; *That*, ever ends in loathing:
Th' one loves the *Darkneſſe* moſt; the other, *Light*:
The laſt's the Childe of *Day*; the firſt, of *Night*:
The one is meek; *The other*, full of Fire:
This never laggs; *That* ever apt to tire:
T' one's raſh and furious; *T' other* mild and ſage:
That dies with youth; whil'ſt *This* ſurvives with age:
The one's couragious; *T' other* full of feares:
That ſeeks; *The other* baulks both eyes and eares:
In brief, to know them both aright, and miſſe not;
In all reſpects, *t' one* is, what *t' other* is not:
So far from *Brothers* that they ſeem disjoyn'd,
Not in *Condition* onely, but in *kind*.
Admit a falſhood, that they had one *Mother*:
The beſt that *Luſt* can claime's a *Baſtard Brother*.

Great God, must thou be conscious of that Name,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of shame?
And not thy Nuptiall *Bed* alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-borne *Child*?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy *Rod*?
Hast thou not cause to be a *Jealous God*?
Can thy just *Jealousies*, great God, be grounded
On Mans disloyalty, not Man confounded?

20.

On a Tinder-Box.

MY Soule is like to *Tinder*, whereinto
The Devill strikes a *spark* at ev'ry blow:
My heart's the *flint*; The *steel* Temptation is;
And his suggestions hit, and never misse:
His *hand* is ever sure; My *Tinder* apt to catch,
Soone sets a fire ev'ry proffer'd *Match*.

21.

On Achitophel.

SAge were thy *Counsels*, and as well apply'd
If thou hadst had but *Loyalty* on thy side:
I like thy last *Designe*, (above the rest)
When thou hadst set thine house in *order*, best;
In all Exploits, the *Rule* is not so ample,
Not half so beneficiall as th'*Example*:
Th'Almighty prosper *Christian* Crowns; and blesse
All such like *Counsels*, with the like successe:
Confound *Achitophel*: and, Lord, impart
His *Head* to us; and to our Foes, his *Heart*.

22 On

22.

On Sinne.

Unhappy Man! *Whose every breath*
Is Sin: *Whose every sin is death:*

SIN, first Originall; then our actuall *sin*;
Our *sins* that sally forth; our *sins* that lurk within:
Our wilfull *sins*; and world of *sins*, by chance:
Our conscious *sins*, our *sins* of darker Ignorance:
Our oft-repeated *sins*: *Sins* never reckon'd: (cond;
'Gainst the first Table *sins*; *Sins* done against the se-
Our Pleading *sins*, our *sins* without a cause,
Our Gospel-*sins*; rebellious *sins* against thy lawes:
Our *sins* against our vowes; fresh *sins* agin:
Sin of infirmity; and high presumptuous *sin*:
Thus like our *Lines*, our *Lives* begin,
Continue, and conclude in *sin*.

23.

On the Sun and Stars.

OUr dying Saviour's like the setting *Sun*;
His Saints, on earth, are like the *stars of night*:
Experience tells us, till the Sun be gone,
The Stars appear not, and retain no *light*:
Till *Sun-set* we discern no Stars at all;
And Saints receive their Glory in his *fall*.

24.

On Absolon *and* Sampson.

SAmpsons defect, and thy excesse of *hair*; (*air*;
Gave him his death, oth' ground; thee, thine ith'
His thoughts were too depress't, thine for'd too high;
As mortals live, so oftentimes, they die.

25.

On Gods favour.

GOds favour's like the *Sun*, whose *beams* appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphear*,
Though not to all alike: To some they expresse
Themselves more radiant, and to others lesse:
To some they rise more early; and they fall
More late to others, giving *day* to all:
Some soile's more grosse, and breathing more impure
And earthy *vapours* forth, whose foggs obscure
The dark'ned *Medium* of the moister aire;
Whilst other Soiles, more perfect, yeeld more rare
And purer *Fumes*: whereby those *Beams* appear,
To some, lesse glorious; and to some, more clear:
It would be ever *Day*; *Day*, alwayes bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make night:
The *Sun* shines alwayes strenuous and fair,
But ah, our sins, our *Clouds* benight the air:
Lord, drain the *Fens* of this my Boggy soul,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my day so foul;
Thy SON hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious *Day*:
Rise, and shine alwayes clear; but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory in thy *Fall*;
That being set, poor I (my flesh being hurld
From this) may meet thee, in another *World*.

26.

On a spirituall Fever.

MY soul hath had a *Fever* a long while;
O! I can neither relish, nor digest;
My nimble *Pulses* beat; my *veines* doe boile:
I cannot close mine eyes; I cannot rest.

O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to ſtrike a Vein!
That, that would lay my *Heat*, and eaſe my *Pain*:
No, no, It is thy *Bloud*, and not mine own;
Thy *Bloud* muſt cure me, *Jeſus*, or elſe none.

27.

On Davids *choiſe.*

FAmine, the *Sword*, the *Peſtilence*, which is leaſt,
When all are great, which worſt, when bad's the beſt?
It is a point of *Mercy*, yet, to give
A choiſe of death to ſuch as muſt not live:
But was the choice ſo hard? It ſeemes to me,
There was a worſe, and better of the three,
Though all extream: Me thinks, the help of hands
Might ſwage the firſt; the *bread* of forrain lands
Might patch their lives, and make ſome ſlender ſhift
To ſave a while, with neceſſary thrift:
Me thinks, the ſecond ſhould be leſſe extream
Then that; Alas! poor *Iſrael* could not dream
Tf too much *peace*, that had ſo oft diviſion
Among themſelves and forrain oppoſition:
Beſides, their King was *martiall*; his acts *glorious*;
His heart was *valiant*, and his hand *victorious*;
Me thinks a Conquerour, a *Man oth' ſword*
Should nere be puzzeld at ſo poor a *word*:
In both, however, *David* at the worſt,
Might well preſume he ſhould not die the firſt.
But oh! the *Plague's* impartiall, it reſpects
No quality of *Perſon*, *age*, nor *ſex*:
The Royall *breaſt's* as open to her hand
As is the loweſt *Peſant* in the Land:
Famine, the *Sword*, the *Peſtilence*, *David* ſee,
To take his choice, and pick the worſt of three,
He that gave *David* power to refuſe,
Inſtructed *David* in the Art to chuſe;

He

He knew no forrain Kingdome could afford
Supply, where God makes *Dearth*: He knew the *sword*
Would want an arm; the arm would want her skill;
And skill *successe*, where heav'n prepares to kill:
He knew, there was no truſt, no ſafe recourſe
To *Martiall* man, or to his warlike *horſe*;
But it is thou, *Great God*, the onely cloſe
Of his beſt thoughts, and the ſecure repoſe
Of all his *truſt*; He yeelds to kiſſe thy *Rod*:
Israel was thine, and thou art *Israels* God:
He knew thy gracious *wont*, thy wonted *grace*;
He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
Of all thy *Attributes*; 'Twas no adventure
To caſt himſelf on *Thee*, the onely Center
Of all his hopes; Thy *David* knew the danger
To fall to th'hands of man, or *fiend*, or *ſtranger*:
Thus *Davids* filiall hopes, being anchor'd faſt
On Gods known *Mercy*, wiſely choſe the laſt:
If thou wilt give me *Davids* heart, Ile voyce,
Great God, with *David*; and make *Davids* choice:
But ſtay, *dear Lord*, my tongue's too bold, too free
To ſpeak of choice, that merits all the *Three*.

28.

On Mans unequall diviſion.

LOrd, 'tis a common courſe; w'are apt and free
To take the Beſt, and ſhare the worſt to thee:
We Fleet the *Mornings* for our own Deſign;
Perchance the Flotten *Afternoons* are thine:
Thou giv'ſt us *ſilke*, we offer *Camels* hair;
Thy *Bleſſings* march ith' *Front*, our *thanks* ith' *Rear*.

29.

On Beggars.

NO wonder that ſuch ſwarmes of *Beggars* lurk
In every ſtreet: 'Tis a worſe trade to work
Then beg: Yet ſome, if they can make but ſhift
To live, will thinke it ſcorn to thrive by gift:
'Tis a brave mind, but yet no wiſe forecaſt,
It is but pride, and pride will ſtoop at laſt;
We all are *Beggars*, ſhould be ſo, at leaſt;
Alas! we cannot work: The very beſt
Our hands can doe, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up whilſt others give:
No ſhame for helpleſſe Man, to pray in aid;
Great *Sol'mon* ſcorn'd not to be *free o'th' Trade*;
He begg'd an *Almes* and bluſht not, For the *Boon*
He got, was treble fairer then his *Crown*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging, ſo,
He was both *Beggar*, and a *Chuſer* too.
O who would truſt to *Work*, that may obtain
The Suit he begs, without or *ſweat*, or *pain*!
O what a Priviledge, great God, have we,
That have the honour, but to beg of Thee!
Thou doſt not fright us with the tort'ring *Whips*
Of *Beadels*; nor doſt anſwer our faint lips
With churliſh language; Lord, thou doſt not praiſe
The ſtricter *Statute* of laſt *Henries* dayes:
Thou doſt not damp us with the empty voyce
Of *Nothing for yee*: If our clam'rous noyſe
Should chance t'importune, turn'ſt thy gracious eye
Upon our wants, and mak'ſt a quick ſupply:
Thou doſt not brand us with th'opprobrious name
Of idle *Vagabonds*: Thou know'ſt w'are *lame*,
And cannot work; Thou doſt not *Pharaoh* like,
Denie us *ſtraw*, and yet requireſt *brick*:

Thou

Thou canst not hear us groan beneath our *Task*;
But freely giv'st, what we have *Faith* to ask,
The most for which my large desire shall plead,
To serve the present's but a *loaf of Bread*,
Or but a *Token* (ev'n as Beggers use,
That, of thy love, will fill my slender *Cruse*:
Lord, during life, Ile beg no greater *Boon*,
If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crown*.

30.

On the two Children.

MY *Flesh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like those pair
Of *Infants*, whose sad Mothers did repair
To *Iustice*: T'one is *quick*, the other *dead*:
The two promiscuous Parents that doe plead
For the live Child, is *Thee*, and *Satan*, Lord:
Both claim alike; Justice calls forth the *sword*:
And seeing both, with equall tears, complain,
Proffers to cleave the *Children* both in twain;
And make them equall sharers in the same
That both doe challenge, and what both disclaim:
Satan applauds the motion, and replides;
Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;
And give alike to both: But thou, dear Lord,
Dislik'st the Justice of th'unequall *sword*:
Rather then share it *dead*, thou leav'st to strive,
And wilt not own't at all, if not *alive*:
The *sword*'s put up, and straight condemns the other
To be the false; calls Thee, the *true Mother*,
Lord of my Soul: It is but Satans wile,
To cheat thy bosome of thy *living Child*;
Hee'd have the Question by the *sword* decided,
Knowing the Soule's but dead, if once *divided*:
My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Flesh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

31.

On two Mysteries.

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a *Son*!
One, three entire; and three intirely One!
Wonder of Wonders! How might all this come?
We must be deaf, when the Holy Spirit's dumb;
Seare to inquire it: Thou shalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow.

32.

A form of Prayer.

IF thou wouldst learn, not knowing how, to pray,
Adde but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggars* say;
Master, I'm poor, and blind, in great distresse;
Hungry and lame, and cold, and comfortlesse:
O succour him, that's graveld on the Shelf
Of pain and want, and cannot help himself;
Cast down thine eye upon a wretch, and take
Some pitty on me, for sweet Jesus sake:
But hold! Take heed this Clause be not put in,
I never begg'd before, nor will agin:
Note this withall, That Beggars move their plaints
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

33.

On Solomon *and the Queen of* Sheba.

IT spreds: The sweet *perfume* of *Solomons* Fame
Affects the *Coasts*; And his Illustrious name
Cannot be hid: The unbeliev'd report
Must flie with Eagles wings, to th'honoured *Court*
Of princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* must not rest,
Untill her eye become th'invited Guest

Of

Of *Fames* loud Trumpet; her impatience ſtrives
With light-foot *Time*, while her Ambition drives
Her *Chariot-wheels*, and gives an ayrie paſſage
To th'quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embaſſage*:
True Wiſdome planted in the hearts of Kings;
Needs no more glory then the glory it brings;
And like the Sun, is view'd by her own light,
B'ing, by her own reflection, made more bright:
The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *ſhee's* gon to th' *Court*;
No eye-delighting *Maſque*? no Princely *ſport*,
To entertain her? No, her eye, her ear
Is taken up, and ſcornes to ſee, to hear
Inferiour things: Sh'allowes her ear, her eie
No leſſe then *Oracles*, and *Majeſtie*:
How empty Paſtimes doe reſolve and flie
To their true nothing, when true wiſedome's by!
Th'arriv'd *Queen* has *Audience*, moves, diſputes,
Wiſe *Solomon*, attends, replies, confutes;
She objects, *he* anſwers; ſhe afreſh propounds;
She proves, maintains it: *he* decides, confounds;
She ſmiles, *ſhe* wonders, being overdaz'd
With his bright beams, ſtands *ſilent*, ſtands amaz'd:
How Scripture-like Apocrypha's *appear*
To common Books! how poor, when Scripture's *near!*
The Queen is pleas'd, who never yet did know
The blaſt of *Fame* leſſe prodigall, then now;
For now, the greateſt part of what ſhe knew
By fame, is found the leaſt of what is true;
We often find that Fame, in prime of youth,
Does adde to Falſhood, and ſubſtract from Truth:
The thankfull Queen do's with a lib'rall hand,
Preſent him with the *Riches* of her Land:
Where Wiſdome goes before, we often find
That temp'rall Bleſſings ſeldom ſtay behinde:
Lord, grant me *Wiſdome*; and I ſhall poſſeſſe
Enough; have *more*, or have content with *leſſe*.

33.
On Rehoboam.

COuld dying Parents, at their peacefull death,
Make but a firm *Assurance*, or bequeath
Their living Vertues; Could they recommend
Their *wisdome* to their heires; Could *hearts* descend
Upon the bosome of succeeding Sons,
As well as *Scepters* doe; as well as *Thrones*;
Sure *Rehoboams* Reign had found increase
Of *Love*, and *Honour*, and had died in *peace*:
Kingdomes are transitory: *Scepters* goe
From hand, to hand; and *Crowns*, from brow to brow;
But *Wisdome* marches on another guize:
They'r two things, to be *Worldly great*, and *wise*;
It was the the self same *Scepter* that came down
From *Solomon* to thee: The self same *Crown*,
That did incloſe his Princely brows and thine;
The self same *fleſh* and *bloud*, the next o'th' Line;
The self same *people* were alive, to bleſſe
The proſp'rous dayes; But not the same *succeſſe*:
Where reſts the fault? what ſecret miſchief can
Unſame thy peace? 'Twas not the ſelf ſame *Man*.

34.
On the Prophet ſlain by the Lyon.

TWas not for malice, nor for want of *Food*,
The obvious *Lyon* ſhed this *Prophets* bloud:
Where faithleſſe man neglects the ſacred *Law*
Of God, there beaſts abate their ſervile *awe*
To Man: When Man dares take a diſpenſation,
By ſin, to fruſtrate the end of Mans *Creation*,
The beaſts, oft-times, by mans Example doe
Renounce the end of their *Creation* too:

The

The *Prophet* must abstain: He was forbid,
He must not eat: and yet the *Prophet* did;
Th' obedient *Lyon* had command to shed
That *Prophets* bloud, and see the *Prophet's* dead:
O, how corrupt's the nature of Mans *Will*,
That breaks those Laws which very *Beasts* fulfill!

35.
On Ahab.

HOw *Ahab* longs! *Ahab* must be possest
Of *Naboths Vineyard*, or can find no rest:
His tongue must second his unlawfull eye:
Ahab must sue, and *Naboth* must denie:
Ahab grows sullen, he can eat no Bread;
His Body prostrates on his restless Bed:
Unlawfull lust, immoderate often brings
A loathing in the use of lawfull things:
Ahabs desire must not be with-stood,
It must be purchas'd, though with *Naboths* Bloud.
Witnesse must be suborn'd: *Naboth* must lie
Open to *Law*, must be condemn'd, and die;
His goods must be confiscate to the *Crown*,
Now *Ahab's* pleas'd; The *Vineyard's* now his own:
Unlawful Pleasures, when they jostle further
Then ordinary bounds, oft end in murther.
Me thinks the Grapes that cluster from that *Vine*,
Should (being prest) afford more *Bloud* then *Wine*.

36.
On Rehoboam.

PEople have *Balances*, wherein to weigh
Their new-crown'd *Princes*, which can soon bewray
Their native worth: Some counterpoise th'allow:
Unhappie *Isr'el* had not weights enow,

To weigh thy *Fingers*: *Heads* can never reſt
In peace, when their poor members are oppreſt:
Had thy unluckie *Fingers* weigh'd no more
Then thy light *Iudgement*; had thy judgement bore
But half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
Thou hadſt been proſp'rous, both in *Crown* and *State*:
The *Lyon's known by's Paw*; The people ſpends
Their Judgement of a Prince by's *Fingers ends*.

37.
On Leprous Naaman.

THe *Leper*, prompted with his loathſome grief,
Seeks to the King of *Iſrael* for relief:
But *Naamans* vain deſires could not thrive;
Iſrael's no God; to *kill*, or *make alive*.
The Moral Man is of too mean a Stature,
To reach his hand above the head of Nature:
The willing Prophet undertakes the *Cure*;
The *Leper* muſt goe *waſh*, and be ſecure
From his *Diſeaſe*: He muſt goe paddle ſtraight
In *Iordans water*: 'Tis a fair *Receipt*:
And why in *Iordan*? Have our *Syrian* ſtreames
Leſſe pow'r then *Iſr'els*? ſure the Prophet dreams:
How hard is it for Mortals to relie
On Faith! How apt is ſenſe, to queſtion, why?
The *Cure* perplexes more then the *Diſeaſe*:
Prophets preſcribe no better *meanes* then theſe?
I look'd his Ceremonious hand ſhould ſtroke
The *Place*; I look'd the Prophet ſhould invoke:
Some men would fain be clean, if God would ſtay
Their times, or would but cure them their own way:
The techy *Leper* is displeas'd; hee'l hence:
The *Iordan Prophet* dallies againſt ſenſe:
His wiſer ſervants urge their haſtie Lord,
To *Iordans ſtreams*: He waſhes, is reſtord:

How

How good a God have we, whose grace fulfills
Our choice desires oft-times against our wills!
The *Leper's* clens'd; And now he do's applaud
Not *Isr'els* streams alone, but *Isr'els God*:
The Prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside;
The *thanks* are taken, but the *Gold's* deni'd:
Who would not deal with Thee, that art not nice,
To sell such pen'worths at so small a price!
Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
Vowes the true God; provided, when his Lord
Shall serve i'th house of *Rimmon*, if he bow
For fashion sake, he may secure his *Vow*:
Some will not stick to lend their God a house,
Might they reserve one room for their own use:
Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheap; He soon
Ore-takes the *Lepers Chariot*, asks a *Boon*
I'th' *Prophets* name: But mark what did befall;
He got his *Boon*, but got his plague withall:
Unlawful gains are least what they appear,
And ill got Gold is alwaies bought too dear:
Lord, I did wash in *Jordan*, and was cur'd;
My *Flesh*, that false *Gehazi*, hath procur'd
A sinful *purchase*, having over-run
The cleansed *Naaman* of my Soul: What's done
By false *Gehazi* let *Gehazi* bear,
Let *Naamans Leprosie* alone stick there:
O, clense them both, or if that may not be,
Lord, strike *Gehazi*; and keep *Naaman* free.

38.
On Chamber-Christians.

NO matter whether (some there be that say)
Or goe to *Church*, or stay at *home*, if pray:
Smiths dainty *Sermons* have in plenty stor'd me,
With better stuffe, then *Pulpits* can afford me;

Tell me, why pray'ſt thou? Heav'n commanded ſo:
Art not commanded to his *Temples* too?
Small ſtore of manners! when thy Prince bids *Come*,
And feaſt at *Court*; to ſay, *I've meat at home*

39.
On the Widdows Cruſe.

LOrd, I'm in *debt*, and have not wherewithall
To pay: My *ſcore* is great, my *wealth* but ſmall,
My *houſe* is poorly furniſht, and my *Food*
Is ſlender, I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my waſted fortunes prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as deſp'rate as the *Debter*:
All the relief thy ſervant this long while,
Hath had, is but a little *Cruſe* of *Oyle*.
There's none will give of *Almes*: I neither get
Enough to ſatisfie my *wants*, nor *debt*;
Lord, If thee pleaſe to ſhow the ſelf ſame Art
Upon the ſlender *veſſell* of my Heart,
The *Prophet* did, upon the *Widowes Cruſe*,
I ſhall have Oyle to ſell, have Oyle to *uſe*;
So ſhall my *Debt* be paid, and I goe free;
No debt is deſp'rate, in reſpect of Thee.

40.
On the ſwimming Axe.

THe borrow'd *Axe* fell in: 'Twas loſt, lamented:
The *Prophet* mov'd, the *Workman* diſcontented;
A *Stick* hewn down, and by the *Prophets* hand
Thrown in, the *Axe* did float, and came aland:
And why a *ſtick*? Had that the pow'r to call
The *maſſie Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
Moſes muſt uſe his *Rod*; *Moſes*, I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it;

Nor

Nor could that *Rod* have ſcourged *Pharoes* Land,
Had it been waved by an *other* hand:
God often works by *meanes*, and yet not ſo,
But that he can, as well without them, too.
God can ſave Man without the help of Man,
But will not; Wills not alwaies that he can:
Something is left for us: We muſt not lie
Ith'ditch, and cry, *And if we die, we die*:
We muſt not lie like *Blocks*, relying on
The workmans *Axe*; There's ſomething muſt be done
The workmans *Axe* perchance had never bin
Recald again, if not the *ſtick* thrown in:
We muſt be doing; yet thoſe deeds, as our,
Have no more native vertue, nay, leſſe power
To ſave us, then that *ſtick* had, to recall
The *Axe* from the deep bottome of his Fall:
I will be doing; but repoſe in *Him*;
Throw I in *ſticks*; hee'l make my *Iron* ſwim.

41.
On Baals *Prieſts.*

Jehu's crown'd King; *Jehu* the King muſt fall
To *Ahabs* gods: *Jehu* muſt worſhip *Baal*:
The gods-divided people muſt goe call
Baals ſacred *Prieſts*: *Jehu* muſt worſhip *Baal*:
None muſt be left behind; They muſt come all;
Jehu muſt burn a Sacrifice to *Baal*:
The *Prieſts* come puffing in, both great and ſmall
Muſt wait on *Jehu*, that muſt worſhip *Baal*:
Baals houſe is fill'd and crowded to the wall
With people that are come to worſhip *Baal*.
What muſt there now be done? what Offring ſhall
Perfume *Baals noſtrils*? ev'n the Prieſts of *Baal*:
Baals holy *Temp'l's* now become a *Stall*
Of Prieſtly fleſh; of fleſhly Prieſts for *Baal*;

How would our Gospel flourish, if that all
Princes, like *Iehu*, would but worship *Baal*!

42.
On the Tempter.

HOw dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t' approach
Into thy sacred presence? or incroach
Upon thy choice *possessions* to devour
Thy sporting *Lambs*? To counterfeit thy pow'r,
And to usurp thy *Kingdome*, ev'n as He
Were Lord, at least, a *Substitute* to Thee?
Why dost not rate him? why does he obtain
Such favour to have liberty of his *Chain*?
Have we not *Enemies* to counterbuffe,
Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the world enough
To foil us? this *abroad*, and that at *home*;
But must that *Satan*, must that *Bandog* come
T'afflict the *weak*, and take the *stronger* side?
O, are there not enow, enow beside?
Is there not odds enough, when we have none
But mighty *Foes*, nay, *Rebels* of our own,
Beneath a false disguise of love and peace,
That still betray us? Are not these, all these
Sufficient, to encounter and o'rethrow
Poor sinfull Man; but must that *Bandog* too,
Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our eyes
Our timorous eyes to heav'n, we dare not rise
From off our aking knees, to plead our case,
When he can commune with thee *face* to *face*;
Nay more, were it but possible to doe,
Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too.
Lord, lend me but thy power to resist
What *Foes* thou send'st, and send what *Foes* thou list;
It is thy *Battail*: If thou please to warm
My Bloud, and find the strength, Ile find the *Arm*;

March

March thou i'th' *Front*, Ile follow in the *Reare*;
Com then ten thousand *Bandogs*, Ile not fear.

43.

On a Cypher.

Cyphers to *Cyphers* added, seem to come
(With those that know not *Art*) to a great *sum*
But such as skill in *Numeration* know,
That worlds of *Cyphers* are but worlds of *show*:
We stand those *Cyphers* ere since *Adams* fall,
We are but *show*; we are no *sum* at all:
Our bosome-pleasures, and delights that doe
Appear so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too:
High-prized *honour*, *friends*, this *house*, the *tother*,
Are but one *Cypher* added to another:
Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me then,
How great is thy estate, Ingenious Man?
Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it shall be known
That I am *something*: *Nothing*, if alone:
I care not in what *place*, in what *degree*;
I doe not weigh how small my *Figure* be:
But as I am, I have nor worth, nor *vigure*:
I am thy *Cypher*; O, be thou my *Figure*.

44.

On Haman *and* Mordecai.

THe *King* would fain take rest; But thought denies
To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his eyes
The Persian *Chronicle* must be brought to set
His eyes in quiet, till they'r pai'd the *debt*:
He turns the leaves; The first he lights upon,
Is the *true service Mordecai* had done:
Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,
When Man has will to banish sense and Reason:

His loyall ſervice muſt be now recall'd
To bleſt remembrance: *Haman* muſt be call'd
To Councell; queſtion'd, but not know the thing
The King intends: He muſt adviſe the *King*,
What *Ceremony* muſt be us'd, what *Coſt*,
What *Honour*, where the *King* ſhall honour moſt;
Obſerve but in the Progreſſe of this Story,
How God turnes Factor for his Servants glory:
Haman perſwaded that ſuch *honour* can
Fit none but him; ne'r queſtions, *Who's the Man*;
His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
A *horſe* of *State*, for his own Princely riding;
In brief; his Judgement is, That ſuch a *One*,
Muſt lack no Honour, *but the Royall Throne*:
How apt is Man to flatter his own heart!
How fair a Debter to his falſe deſert!
The *Royall horſe* is ready, all things fit,
That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious wit:
Haman expects his anſwer; His Ambition
Spurs on, wants nothing but his *large Commiſſion*:
Haman muſt haſt with all the ſpeed he can,
And ſee it done: But *Mordecay's the man*:
God often crowns his Servants, at their Coſt,
That hate their perſons, and diſdain them moſt:
Lord, if thou pleaſe to make me but thine own,
I ſhall have *honour*, ſpight of *honours frown*.

45.
On Jobs *Temptations.*

GOD queſtions *Satan*: Boaſts his *Jobs* deſert,
In the perfection of a *ſimple heart*:
Jobs Faith was fervent; *Satan* was as chill
To yeeld it; but muſt yeeld againſt his will;
Condemnes it to be *ſervile*, to be bought
With *Gods* own coyn: *Does Job ſerve God for nought?*

It is a common trick, the Tempter uses,
The Faith he cannot conquer, he abuses.
Alas, that *Faith* requires not so much praise,
'Tis a good *Faith*, as *Faiths* go now adaies:
It is not strengthen'd by thy indulgent hand,
That blest his *Labours*, and inricht his *Land*,
Puffe out the *Fire*; his Faith will quickly chill:
Satan puffe thou; nay Satan puffe thy will:
Nor Ebbe nor Floud, of small, or great estate,
Are certain badges of Gods love or hate.
What's now to doe? Poore *Job* must be bereav'n
Of all his stronger *Herds*; *Fire*, sent from Heav'n
Must burn his fruitfull *flocks*, that none remain;
His *houses* fall; and all his *Children* slain;
And yet not curse? Alas, poore *Job* addresses
His thoughts to heav'n, he worships God and *blesses*:
The lively Faith that can retain her God,
May groan; but seldome rave beneath the Rod.
But what sayes *Satan* now? The *hedge* is broke,
That fenc'd my Servant *Job*: What further *Cloke*
For his uprightnesse hath he? what *pretence*
For his continued Love and Innocence?
Has not thy malice had her own desire?
'Twas soundly puffd; thy *Puffs* have blown the *fire*:
Gods trials are like Bellowes: Satan's Blower,
Blowes out false Faiths, make true ones blaze the more.
True Lord; His *faith* is rough: But *Snailes* as well
Can thrive without, as live within their *shell*:
To save a *life*, who would not lose some *Skin*?
Touch but his *Hornes*, O how hee'l draw them in!
Satan I give thy malice leave, be free
To peele the *bark*, but spare to touch the *Tree*.
Feare not ye little flock: The greatest ill
Your Foes can doe's to scratch; They cannot kill.
What now sth'exploit? Afflicted *Job* does lie,
[illegible] *ospitall* of misery:

I thi

think, that all the *Vlcers* that have bin
n *Egypt* cur'd, are broken out again
n his distempered flesh; yet *Iob* is still
The very same, nor charg'd his God with ill:
Faith that lodges in a double Breast,
May stand the touch; none but true faiths, the Test:
f these be *flames* poore man must swelter in,
He needs a *World* of patience, not to sin.

46.

On bauling Curres.

I Fear'd the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my feares are, like her Joyes, but painted:
Had I not been a *Stranger*, as I past,
Her bauling *Curres* had never bark'd so fast.

47.

On DAVID.

STands it with State, that Princely *David*, who
Did *weare* the *Crown*, should *play* the *Harper* too?
He playes and sings; His glory ne'r disdaines
To dance, and to receive a *Crown* for's paines:
'Tis no disparagement, 'tis no misprision
Of State, to play before the *Great Musitian.*

48.

On ABRAHAM.

THe word is out: Poore *Abr'am* must be gon;
Must take his *Isaac*; take his only Son;
The Son of his *Affection*; him, from whom,
From whose blest *loynes*, so many *Kings* must come,
Ev'n him must *Abr'am* slay, *Abr'am* must rise,
And offer *Isaac* a *burnt Sacrifice.*

God scornes the Offals of our faint desires;
He gives the best, and he the best requires,
Abr'am forbears to question; thinks not good
To reason, to advise with *Flesh* and *Blood*;
Begs not young *Isaacks* life, nor goes about
T' object the *Law of Murther*; makes no doubt:
He rises, rises early; leads his Son:
Hasts where this holy *Slaughter* must be done:
Where God bids Goe, *that very Breath's a warrant:*
We must not linger there: Haste crowns the arrant.
His Servants must no further: They must stay:
Private Devotion claimes a private Way:
They must abide with th' *Asse*, whilst th' aged Sire
In t' one hand takes the *Knife*; in t' other *Fire*:
The sacred *Wood* of *Offring* must be pil'd
On the young shoulders of th' obedient *Child*:
O here mine eye must spend a tear to see
Thee bear that Wood, great God, that, since, bore Thee:
Mistrustlesse *Isaack* seeing the *wood*, the *fire*,
The *sacrificing Knife*, begins t' enquire,
But wher's the Sacred Lamb that must be slain?
Resolved *Abr'am* (lest the *flesh* should gain
Too much of *Nature*) sayes not, *Thou my Son*
Art he, but, *The Almighty will provide us one:*
Where God commands, 'tis not enough t' effect,
But we must baulk th' occasion of neglect.
The faithfull *Abr'am* now erects an *Altar*:
Orders the *wood*: what tongue can chuse but falter,
To tell the rest? He layes his hands upon
His wondring *Isaack*, bindes his onely *Son*:
He layes him down, unsheath's his Priestly *Knife*;
Up heaves his arm, to take his *Isaacks* life:
True faith is active; Covets to proceed
From thought to action; and from will to deed:
Before the strengthned stroke had time to fall,
A sudden voice from heav'n cries *hold*: *Recall*

Thy

Thy threatning Arm, and ſheath thy holy Knife,
Thy Faith has anſwer'd for thy Iſaack's *life;*
Touch not the Child; thy Faith is throughly ſhown,
That has not ſpar'd thine own, thine onely Son:
How eaſie is our God, and liberall, who
Counts it as done, what we have will to doe!

49.
On Cenſorio.

Cenſorio takes in hand, by ſharp reproof
To mend his Brothers error, and to ſnuffe
His darkned Flame; and yet *Cenſorio*'s crimes
Are rankt among the fouleſt of the Times:
Let none preſume, *Cenſorio,* to controule
Or top the dim *light* of anothers Soule,
If not more pure than him that is controll'd:
The Temple-Snuffers muſt be perfect gold.

50.
On Mordecay *and* Haman.

TWo *Steeds* appointed were by *Hamans* hand;
The one at *Graſſe*; the other Steed did ſtand
In *Perſia*'s *Mues*: The former was providing
For *Mordecay*; the laſt for *Hamans* riding:
But ſince, in order, laſt things prove the worſt,
Hamans ambition drove him to the Firſt;
But ſee, proud *Hamans* prouder *Steed* did caſt
His glorious rider, whilſt the *Iew* ſits faſt.
What matter *Haman? Fortune,* though no Friend
Of thine, firſt brought thee to thy *Iourneys end.*

51.

On three Fools.

THe Wiſeman ſayes, *It is a Wiſemans part,*
To keep his tongue cloſe priſ'ner in his heart.
If he be then a Fool, whoſe thought denies,
There is a God, how deſp'rately unwiſe,
How more then Fool is he, whoſe language ſhall
Proclaim in publike, *There's no God at all!*
What then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
Whoſe actions ſhall maintain't, *Such Fools are we.*

52.

On miſerable Man.

ADam the higheſt pitch of perfect Nature,
And lively Image of his great *Creator*,
Declin'd his God, and by one ſinfull *Deed*,
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his *ſeed*:
How wretched then, how deſp'rate's our Condition,
Whoſe ev'ry minute makes a repetition
Of greater ſins, againſt both light of *Nature*,
And *Grace*, againſt *Creation* and *Creator*!
Alas! we claim not by *deſcent*, alone,
But adde by hourly purchaſe of our own:
There is no *breach* of Loyaltie, no *ſin*
We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
Shall not a world of *ſins* bring ruine then
To *One*; when one *ſin* ſlew a world of men?

53.

On Mans two Enemies.

TWo potent Enemies attend on Man,
T'one's fat and plump, The *other* lean and wan;

T'one fauns and ſmiles, The other weeps as faſt;
The firſt *Preſumption* is, *Deſpair* the laſt:
That feeds upon the *bounty* of full treaſure,
Brings jolly news of *Peace*, and laſting *pleaſure*;
This feeds on *want*, unapt to entertain
Gods *Bleſſings*; Finds them ever in the *wain*:
Their *Maximes* diſagree; but their *Concluſion*
Is the ſelf-ſame: Both jump in Mans *Confuſion*:
Lord, keep me from the *firſt*, or elſe I ſhall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings and fall:
Lord, keep the *ſecond* from me; leſt I then,
Sink down ſo low, I never riſe agen:
Teach me to know my ſelf, and what I am,
And my *Preſumption* will be turnd to *ſhame*:
Give me true *Faith*, to know thy dying Son,
What Ground has then deſpaire to work upon?
T'avoid my ſhipwrack upon either *Shelf*,
O, teach me, Lord, to know my *God*, my *ſelf*.

54.
On Queen Eſther.

ILluſtrious *Princeſſe*, had thy chance not been
To be a *Captive*, thou hadſt bin no *Queen*:
Such is the *Fortune*, our *Misfortune* brings;
Had we not firſt been *ſlaves*, w'ad ne'r been *Kings*.

55.
On Slanders.

HAve ſland'rous tongues been buſie to defame
The precious *Ointment* of my better name?
Or hath cenſorious baſeneſſe gone about
With her rude blaſt to puffe my *Taper* out?
They have: And let their full mouth'd *bellows* puffe:
It is their *Breath* that ſtinks, and not my *Snuffe*:

I, let them ſnarle and burſt, that I may ſmile;
Doe, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while:
They cannot ſtrike beyond my patience; No,
Ile bear, and take it for an *Honour* too;
The height that my *Ambition* ſhall fly,
Is onely to deſerve their *Calumny*:
O, what a Judgement 't were, if ſuch as they
Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
My' endangered *name*, by their maligne applauſe,
To good *Opinion*; That were a juſt Cauſe
Of *Grief* indeed! but to be made the Story
Of ſuch baſe tongues, it is my *Crown*, my *Glory*:
I, let them ſpend their *Duſt* againſt the wind;
And bark againſt the *Moon*, till they be blind,
And weary; Let their malice not forbeare
To baule at *Innocence*, to wound and teare
An abſent name, whilſt their unhallowed tongues
Makes me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs:
I beg no Favour: Nay, my hearts deſire
Is ſtill to be *calcin'd* by ſuch a Fire:
That, in concluſion, all men may behold
A faire gilt *Counter* from a *Crown of Gold*.
Great God, I care not this, how foule I ſeem
To *Man*; may I be fair in thy *eſteem*:
It matters not how *light* I ſeem to be
To the baſe world, ſo I be *weight* to Thee.

56.

On Nebuchadnezzar.

WHat luckleſſe Accident hath bred ſuch odds
Betwixt great *Babels Monarch*, and his *gods*,
That they ſo oft diſturb him, and affright
His broken ſlumbers with the *Dreames* of night!
Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
That he muſt quit the *Glory* of his Throne,

His Royall *Scepter*, his Imperiall *Crown*?
Muſt be expeld his *Honour*, and come down
Below the meaneſt *Slave*, and, for a ſeaſon,
Be baniſh'd from the uſe, the Act of *Reaſon*?
Muſt be exil'd from *humane ſhape*, and chew
The cudde, and muſt be moiſtned with the dew
Of Heav'n; nay, differ in no other thing
From the brute beaſts, but that *he was a King*?
What ayle thy gods, that they are turn'd ſo rough,
So full of rage? What, had they meat enough
To fill their *golden* ſtomacks? Was thy knee
Bent oft enough? What might the reaſon be?
Alas, poor harmleſſe things! it was not they,
'Twas not their wills; I dare be bold to ſay,
They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
They had no pow'r to *act*, or to *forbid* it:
Deſerv'ſt thou not, Great King, the ſtile of *Beaſt*,
To ſerve ſuch Gods, whoſe Deities can digeſt
Their ſervants open wrongs? that could diſpenſe
With what they 'ndure, without the leaſt offence?
Illuſtrious *Beaſt*, me thinks thy better'd ſtate
Has no great reaſon to complain of *Fate*:
Thou art more neer to him thou didſt adore,
By one *degree*, than ere thou wert before:
'Tis ſome promotion; that there is leſſe ods
Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *ſenſleſſe gods*.

57.

On Partio.

THaſt thou forſaken all thy *Sins*, but One;
Beleeve it, *Partio*, th'aſt forſaken *None*.

58.

On Ignorance.

THe greatest *Friend* Religion hath t'advance
Her glory,'s unaffected *Ignorance*:
The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious, in the *shades of night*.

59.

On a great Battell.

WHen my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, me thinks I see
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the *Day*, the other, yield:
They both prepare, Both strike up their *Alarms*;
Both march, Both well appointed in their *Armes*.
They both advance their *Banners*: T'one displayes
A *bloudie Crosse*: The other Colours blaze
A Globe terrestriall: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other: Each by's *Ensigne's* known:
They meet, encounter, *blowes* exchange for *blowes*:
Dart is return'd for Dart: They grapple, close:
Their Fortune's hurried with unequall *Sails*;
Sometimes the *Crosse*, sometimes the *Globe* prevails.
We are that *Field*; And they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Satan*: Those, that war within us,
The *Flesh* the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win; the other, lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose: O, quicken and refresh
My dull and coward *Spirit*, that would yeeld,
And make proud Satan *Master of the Field*: (good
Dear Lord, the *Field's* thine own; thou thoughtst
To purchace't with my dying Saviours *Bloud*:

'T

'Tis thine Great God, by *title*, and by *right*;
Why should thou question, what's thy own by fight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th'accurst
And base *Usurper* doe his best, his worst.

60.

On the World.

THe World's an *Inne*; And I, her *Guest*,
I eat, I drink, I take my rest:
My *Hostesse* Nature, do's deny me
Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
Where having stayd a while, I pay
Her *lavish Bills*, and goe my way.

61.

On the Sabbath.

AWay my *thoughts*: Away my *words*, my *deeds*;
Away, what ever nourishes and feeds
My fraile *delights*: Presume nor to approach
Into my presence; dare not once t'encroach
Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soule;
Ye are not for this *Day*, y'are all too foule:
Abide ye with the *Asse*, till I goe yonder,
And cleave the *Isaac* of my heart in sunder:
I must goe sacrifice, I must goe pray,
I must performe my holy *vowes* to day:
Tempt not my tender *frailty*: I enjoyne
Your needfull absence; y'are no longer mine:
But if it may not be, that we must sever
Our yoakt affections, and not part for euer;
Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow,
At least, this day, although we meet to *morrow*.

62.

On Prayer.

IN all our Prayers, th' Almighty do's regard
The Judgement of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*:
He loves not *Words*, but *Matters*; 'Tis his pleasure
To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

63.

On FIDO.

FIndst thou no comfort in this fickle *Earth*,
No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
Nothing but *Sorrow*? Nothing else but *toyle*?
What, doe thy dayes shew nothing worth a *smile*?
Doe wordly pleasures no contentment give:
Content thee, *Fido*, Th'ast not long to live.

64.

On Chariſſa.

VVOuldst thou, *Chariſſa*, wish thy *fortunes* better
Than, by thy *act*, to make thy *God* thy *debtor*?
Ile teach thee how to doe't: *Relieve the poore*,
And thou mayst safely set it on Gods *score*.

65.

On Raymond Sebund.

IWonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious *Wit*,
Strengthned with so much *learning*, could commit
So great a Folly, as to goe about,
By Natures feeble *light*, to blazen out
Such Heav'n-bred *Myst'ries*, which the hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much lesse the darkned *Pen*

Expresse; such secrets, at whose depth, the *Quire*
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vain-glory lend no easier task
To thy sublime *Attempt*, then to unmask
The glorious *Trinitie*, whose Tri-une *face*
Was ne'r discovered by the eye of *grace*,
Much lesse by th'eye of *Nature* being a storie
Objected only to the Eye of *Glorie*?
Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wise;
Silence thy tongue, and close thy ambitious eyes.
Such *heights* as these, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Wit*.

66.

On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *haires* upon my head,
And raise their *Audit* to as high a score,
In this they differ; These doe dayly shed,
But, ah! my *sins* grow daily more and more:
If by my *hairs* thou number out my *sins*,
Heav'n make me *bald*, before that day begins.

67.

On the Gospel.

OUr *Gospel* thrives the more by forrain *Jarrs*;
It overcomes in outward *opposition*:
But O, it suffers still in civill Warrs,
And loses Honour by a *home-division*:
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I war *abroad*, so I have peace *at home*.

68. *On*

68.

On the dayes of Man

LOrd, if our dayes be *few*, why doe we spend
And lavish them unto so evill an end?
Lord, if our dayes be evill, why doe we wrong
Our selves, and Thee, to wish our *Dayes* so long?
Our *dayes* decrease; but still our *evils* renew;
Great God, we make them *evill*; Thou mak'st them *few*.

69.

On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the shore;
Which every *Ebbe* layes open to the Eye:
In this they differ; *These* are cover'd ore
With ev'ry *Floud*; My *sins* shall open lie:
If thou wilt make mine eyes a *Sea of teares*,
O, they will hide the sins of all my *yeares*.

70.

On Cain *and* David.

THeir Sins were equall; Equall was their guilt:
They both committed *Homicide*, both spilt
Their brothers guiltlesse bloud: Nay, of the twain,
The first occasion was lesse foul in *Cain*:
'Twas likely *Cains* Murther was in *heat*
Of bloud; There was no former *grudge*, no *threat*:
But *Davids* was a *Plot*; He took the life
Of poor *Uriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*:
Was Justice equall? Was her *Ballance* ev'n?
When *Cain* was punisht; *David* was *forgiv'n*:
Both came to tryall: But good *David* did
Confesse that Sin, which cursed *Cain* had *hid*:

Cain

Cain bewail'd the punishment; wherein
His Sin had plung'd him, *David* wailes his *Sin*:
If I lament my *sins*, Thou wilt forbear
To *punish*, Lord; or give me strength, to bear.

71.
On Plausus.

Plausus of late hath rais'd an *Hospitall*,
Repair'd a *Church*, Founded a *Colledge-Hall*:
Plausus hath built an holy *Temple*; vow'd it
To God: Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it:
Plausus hath given, through his abundant pittie,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'th' Citie:
Plausus allows a *Table* for the poor
O'th' Parish; besides those, he feeds at door:
Plausus relieves the *Prisons*; Mends the *wayes*,
Maintains a *Lecture* on the *Market dayes*:
Plausus in brief, for bountie beares the *Bell*;
Plausus hath done much *Good*; but nothing *Well*.

72.
On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the skies;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great,
In this they differ: *These* doe set and rise,
But ah! my Sins doe *rise*, but never *set*:
Shine *Sun of Glory*, and my sins are gone,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the rising *Sun*.

73.
On change of Weathers.

AND were it for thy profit, to obtain
All *Sun-shine*? No vicissitude of *Rain*?

Thinkst

Thinkſt thou that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not Winter *froſts*, as well as Summer *fires?*
There muſt be both: Sometimes theſe hearts of ours
Muſt have the ſweet, the ſeaſonable ſhowres
Of *teares*; Sometimes the Froſt of *chill deſpair*,
Makes our deſired *Sun-ſhine* ſeem more *fair*:
Weathers that moſt oppoſe to Fleſh and Blood,
Are ſuch as help to make our *Harveſt* good:
We may not chooſe, great *God*; It is thy *Task*:
We know not what to *have*; nor how to *aſk*.

74.
On PROSPER.

TAke heed thou proſp'rous *ſinner*, how thou liv'ſt
In Sin, and thriv'ſt;
Thou that do'ſt flouriſh in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And ſums untold;
Thou, that hadſt never reaſon to complain
Of *Croſſe* or *pain*;
Whoſe unafflicted *Conſcience* never found
Nor *Check*, nor *Wound*.
Beleeve it, *Proſper*, thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradiſe*;
Thy *Flattering* pleaſures, and thy ayrie *joyes*,
But painted *Toyes*;
Thy peacefull Conſcience is but like a *Dog*,
Tyed in a *Clog*.
Beleeve it, *Proſper* thy deceitfull Leaſe
Allowes thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.
Thy *heaps* of Gold will ſtand thee in no ſteed,
At greateſt need;
Thy *Empty* Pleaſures will convert thy laughter,
To *groans*, hereafter;

Thy

Thy silent *Conscience*, when inlarg'd will roar,
And rage the more.
Beleeve it, *Prosper*, thy deceitfull Lease
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

75.
On the sight of a Plague Bill.

Five thousand in a week, in one poor City:
Because it was thy *Pleasure*, 'twas no pitie;
Why shouldst thou pitie us, Just God, when we
Could never find a time to pity thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind toth' *sin*.
That far transcends the *judgement* it calls in:
O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Transgression
Could but appear, and make as deep impression
In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
As great a sorrow, as our *Plague bills* doe,
No doubt, no doubt, but Heavens avenging hand
Would turn a Stranger to our prosp'rous Land:
O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
Could with our Citie *Bills*, be brought but in,
And be compar'd, weed thinke our *Bills* not high,
But rather wonder there are men, to *die*.

76.
On Theaters.

Six *dayes* were made for *work*, the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordain'd for *Play*:
How have our looser *Theaters* transgrest
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry *Day*?
Me thinks that they should change their trade for shame,
Or honour't with a more laborious name.

77 *On*

77.

On Players and Ballad-mungers.

OUr *merry* Ballads, and *lascivious* Playes
Are much alike: To common censure both
Doe stand or fall: T' one *sings*; the other *sayes*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of another Froth:
In short; They're *Priest* and *Clarkes* of *Belials* Altar;
T' one makes the *Sermon*; t' other tunes the *Psalter*.

78.

On God and the King.

OUr *God* and *Prince* (whom God for ever blesse)
Are both, in Mercy, of a *Constitution*:
Both slow, till meer necessity shall presse,
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution:
And marke, How in a like successe they joyn;
At both we *grumble*, and at both *repine*.

79.

On the life and death of Man.

THe life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his *Adventure* towards future Glory
For *death* to finish: Who will stick to say,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretels a glorious *Day*.

80.

On Fox.

THere was a time, (wo-worth that heavy time)
When rav'nous *Foxes* did devoure the prime,
And choise of all our *Lambs*: But Heav'n did raise
A more ingenious Fox, in after-dayes,

Whose

Whose high immortall *Pen* redeem'd their breath,
And made those *Lambs* revive, in spight of death:
To see, how mutuall Saintly favours bee!
Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee.

81.

On the Book of Common-Prayer.

THe Book of *Common-Pray'r* excels the rest;
For *Pray'rs* that are most *Common*, are the best.

82.

To Mundano.

WOuldst thou *Mundano*, prove too great, too strong
For peevish *Fortunes* angry brow to wrong?
Renounce her power; Banish *Fortune* hence,
And trust thee to the hands of *Providence*:
The poorest heart that never did importune
Heav'ns aid, is far above the frowns of *Fortune*.

83.

On Romes Sacrifices

IT cannot be excus'd: It is a wrong
Proceeding from a too too partiall tongue,
To say, The profer'd service of false *Rome*
Had no good savour, and did never come
To th' *gates* of Heaven; Fie! poor *Rome* is belyed;
For when our *Troopes* of glorious Martyrs dy'd;
In that warm *age*, who were their *Priests*? By whom
Was their bloud shed? was't not by holy *Rome*?
Such sweet *Perfumes*, I dare be bold to say,
Rome never burnt before, nor since that *day*:
A sweeter *Incense*, save his *dying Son*,
Heav'n ne'r accepted since this World begun.

84. *On*

84.

On a dead Man.

IT is a common use to entertain
The knowledge of a great man by his *Train:*
How great's the *dead-man* then? There's none that be
So backt with troops of *Followers*, as He.

85.

On Corner Sinners.

Such men are like to *Owls*; They take delight,
To make the night their day; their *day*, the night;
They hate the *Sun*, and love dark corners best;
But they shall howl, when *day-birds* are at rest.

86.

On the Kite.

MArk but the soaring *Kite*, and she will read
Brave *rules* for *Diet*, teach thee how to feed;
She flies aloft; She spreads her ayrie plumes
Above the reach, above the nauseous fumes
Of dang'rous *earth*; She makes her self a stranger
T'inferiour things, and checks at ev'ry *danger*:
At length, she stoops, and with a brave disdain
She strikes her *Prey*, and mounts her up again;
By her example, learn to use the the earth,
And thou shalt find lesse *mischief*, and more *mirth*.

87.

On Formio.

Formio bewails his *sins* with the same heart,
As *Friends* doe *Friends*, when they'r about to part:

Beleeve

Beleeve it, *Formio* will not entertain
A merry thought, untill they meet again.

88.

On bosome sins.

HOw loath is *Flesh* to yeeld the *Spirit* to win
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosome-sin!*
O, how th'ingenious *flesh* will plead! abuse
The height of *Wit*, to argue, or excuse!
At length, it yeelds: O, give it leave to stay
A year, a moneth, a week, at least, a day;
And if not so, yet let my breaking heart
But hug it once or twice before we part;
Let me but take my leave, my thoughts shall bind me
From the least touch; let me but look behinde me:
Nay sin, *Gehazi-like*, will have a blow
At cleansed *Naamans bounty*, ere she goe.

89.

On the Eccho.

AN *Eccho's* nothing, but a fore'd rebound,
Or airy repercussion of a *sound*,
Proceeding from some *hollow place*, well known
To have no *Bulk*, no *Being* of her own:
It is no *substance*, nothing, but a *Noise*;
An *emptie sound*, the *picture* of a voice;
Such is my *Courtly Friend*; at my request
Hee'l breath his service from his hollow brest,
And *Eccho-like* for every word that's blown
Into his eares, returns me *two* for *one*:
But when they come to th' Test, alas they'r found
More light then *Ayre*, meer shadows of a Sound:
Ile trust my God, His bountie still affords
As many *deeds*, as my false Friends do *words*.

90.

On a Water-Mill.

THe formall Christian's like a *Water-mill*:
Untill the *Floodgate's* open, he lies still:
He cannot work at all, he cannot dream
Of going, till his wheels shall find the *stream*.

91.

On Paul *and* Apollos.

THis not, what this man, or what that man saith,
Brings the least *stone* toth' building of my faith;
My ear may ramble, but my *Conscience* follows
No man: I'me neither *Pauls*, nor yet *Apollo's*:
When Scripture *gold* lies by me, is it just
To take up my Salvation, upon *Trust*?
My Faith shall be confin'd to no mans *Lists*;
Ile onely follow *Paul*, as *Paul* is *Christs*.

92.

On Morus.

IF a poor timorous *Hare* but crosse the way,
Morus will keep his chamber all the day;
What *Evill* portends it, *Morus*? It does show,
That *Morus is not wise*, for thinking so.
But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,
Morus, one Fool the lesse abroad by *Thee*.

93.

On some Faiths,

SOme Faiths are like these *Mills* that cannot grind
Their *Corn*, unlesse they work against the *Wind*.

94.
On the Temporizer.

HE ſeemes to be a *Man of War*; His ſayle
Being fill'd and proſper'd with a fore-right *Gale*
Makes ſpeedie way; and, with her *Keel* divides
The ſparkling furrows of the ſwelling *Tides*;
Or if the wind ſhould ſlack, or ceaſe to blow,
Can make a ſhift to tide it too and fro;
But if it prove a *Storm*, or the wind croſſe,
His wavering *Bottome* ſoon begins to toſſe
Upon the troubled *waves* without regard
Of either *ſteer*, or yet the *Sea-mans Card*;
His prouder courage quails, and the rough weather
Tranſports his wandring *keel*, he knowes not whither;
Till after many a ruine-threatning knock,
Hee's overwhelm'd or ſplit upon a *Rock*.

95.
On our Sinnes.

IT is an Error ev'n as *foul* to call
Our ſins too *great* for pardon, as too *ſmall*.

96.
On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Chriſtmas Candle*, whoſe good name
Crowns his fair actions with a glorious *flame*;
Burns clear and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
To queſtion, but he ſtinks at going out;
When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the ſnuff will tell
If he were *Wax* or *Tollow*, by the ſmell.

97.
On Secret-mungers.

HE, that at *Secrets* ſhall compoſe his aim,
Is like the *Flie* that ſports about the Flame;
He never leaves to buzze, untill he brings
Himſelf to ruine, or at leaſt, his *wings*:
And like a deſp'rate *Flie*, though he has bin
Once ſcorcht, hee'l venture at the *Flame* agin.

98.
On a Flie.

THe Sun-delighting *Flie* repairs, at firſt
To the fult *Cup*, onely to quench her thirſt;
But, oftentimes, ſhe ſports about the *Brink*,
And ſips ſo long till ſhe be drownd in *drink*:
When v nton leaſure ſhall preſent thine eye
With laviſh Cups, *Remember but the Flie.*

99.
On Scripture and Apocrypha.

WHen as the *Scripture* opens to mine eyes,
I ſee my Lord in's *Bed*: But when I meet
Th' *Apocrypha* at th'end, me thinks it lyes,
Like his well count'nanc'd *Page*, at the *Beds feet*;
Who wears his Lords *old clothes*, made leſſe; and ſayes
His own *Inventions*, in his Maſters *Phraſe*.

100.
To my Book.

HEre comes a Critick, *Cloſe thy Page*:
Thou art no Subject *for this Age*:

And

And Cenſure, oftentimes, yee know,
Will ſtrike the Dove, *and ſpare the* Crow;
But hold; thy Guilt does not require
That thou ſhouldſt lurk, or yet retire;
Be open as the Eye of Noon;
And let dogs bark againſt the Moon;
Thou haſt no Luſter of thy owne,
But what's deriv'd from Heav'n alone.
Fear not: Thy Heav'n inſtructed Page,
Will either pleaſe, *or* teach *the Age.*

The End of the Second *Book.*

DIVINE FANCIES:

The Third Book.

1.

On old Wine and new.

OLd crazie *Casks* are not design'd to hold
New Wines, nor yet new Vessels, for the *Old*:
Old must, with *old*, & *new*, with *new* be fill'd;
Else will the vessels *break*, & Wine be *spill'd*:
These empty *Vessels* are thy heart and mine:
The *Law* and *Gospel* represents the Wine:
The new's the *Spirit*, and the old's the *Letter*;
With reverence to the Text, *The new's the better.*

2.

On Zacharias *and the blessed Virgin.*

HIs tongue requir'd a *Sign*, which might afford
A clearer *Evidence*, then th' Angels word;
And had it too: Untill those things shall come
To passe, his faithlesse lips are stricken *dumb*:
Our blessed *Virgin*, at her *Salutation*,
Seem'd even as *faithlesse*, on the self-same fashion;

Her lips reply'd, *And how can these things be?*
Hard justice! why *hee* punish'd, and not *shee?*
The Reason's easie to be riddeld out;
Hers was the voice of *Wonder*; His, of *doubt.*

3.

On a Picture.

SOme *Pictures*, with a fore-right eye, if seen,
Present unto the view some beauteous Queen;
But step aside, and it objects the shape,
On this side, of an *Owl*; on that, an *Ape*:
Look full upon the World, It proves the Storie,
And beautious *Picture* of th' Almighties Glory;
But if thy change of Posture lead thy sight
From the full view, to th' *left hand*, or the *right*,
It offers to thine eye but painted *Toyes*,
Poor *Antike pleasures*, and *deceitfull Joyes.*

4.

On Servio.

Servio's in *Law*: If *Servio* cannot pay
His *Lawyers* Fee, *Servio* may lose the *day*;
No wonder, formall *Servio* does trudge
So oft to Church: He goes to *bribe* his Judge.

5.

On Peters *Cock.*

THe Cock crow'd *once*, and *Peters* careless ear
Could hear it, but his eye not spend a tear:
The Cock crow'd *twice*, *Peter* began to creep
To th' Fire side, but *Peter* could not weep;
The Cock crow'd *thrice*, Our Saviour turn'd about,
And look'd on *Peter*; Now his tears burst out:

'Twas

Twas not the *Cock*, It was our Saviours *Eye*;
Till he shall give us *tears*, we cannot *cry*.

6.

On Ambidexter.

GOd keep my *Goods*, my *Name*, they never fall
Into the *Net* of *Ambidexters* Lawes;
But for a *Cause*, he seldome prayes at all;
But curses, evermore, without a *Cause*:
I'de rather have his *Curses* all the day,
Then give his Conscience the least cause to *pray*.

7.

On Lazarus, *the Damosell, and a Sinner.*

Laz'rus come forth? Why could not *Laz'rus* plead,
I cannot come, great God, for I am dead?
Dam'sell arise? when *death* had clos'd her eyes,
What power had the *Dam'sel* to arise?
Sinner repent? Can we as dead, in sin,
As *Laz'rus*, or the *Dam'sel*, live agin?
Admit we could, could we appoint the houre?
The *Voyce* that calls, gives, and gives then the power.

8.

On Sin.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd! I thought my bed
Had entertain'd a fair, a beauteous *Bride*:
O, how were my beleeving thoughts misled
To a false *Beauty*, lying by *my* side!
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choice delight;
My Fancie found no difference in the *night*.
I thought they were true *Ioyes*, that thus had led
My darkned Soul, but they were false *Alarms*;

I thought I'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had blear-ey'd *Leah* in my armes:
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, when cloth'd with Night!
But when discover'd, what a *loath'd* delight!

9.

On Repentance.

'Tis not, to *cry God mercy*, or to sit
And droop; or to confesse, that thou hast fail'd,
'Tis, to bewail the sins, thou didst commit:
And not commit those sins, thou hast bewail'd:
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather, what he means to doe.

10.

On Man.

Man is a moving *Limbeck*, to distill
Sweet smelling waters, wherewithall to fill
Gods emptie *Bottle*: Lord, doe thou inspire
Thy quick'ning *spirit*, put in thy sacred *Fire*;
And then mine eyes shall never cease to drop,
Till they have brim'd thy *Bottle* to the Top:
I can doe nothing, Lord, till thou inspire;
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*.

11.

On the pouring out of our hearts.

'Tis easie to *pour in*: But few, I doubt,
Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
Some pour their hearts, like *oyle*, that there resides
An unctuous substance still, about the sides:
Others, like *Wine*, which though the *substance* passe,
Does leave a tincture of *savour* in the Glasse;

Some pour their *hearts* like *Milk*, whose *hew* distains
Though neither *substance*, nor the *sent* remains:
How shall we pour them then, that *smell*, nor *matter*,
Nor *colour* stay? *Pour out your hearts like water.*

12.

On Friends.

GOd shield me from those Friends, I *trust*; and be
My firm defence from such, as *trust not* Thee.

13.

On the Hypocrite.

HEe's like a *Bul-rush*; seems so smooth, that not
The eye of *Cato* can discry a knot:
Pill but the *Bark*, and strip his smoother skin,
And thou shalt find him spungie all within:
His brows are alwayes ponderous as Lead,
He ever droops, and hangs his *velvet* head:
He washes often, but if thou enquire
Into his depth, his roots are fixt in *mire.*

14.

On Servio.

Servio would thrive, and therefore do's obay
Gods Law, and shuts up shop oth' Sabbath day:
Servio would prosper in his home-affaires,
And therefore dares not misse his *Diet-Prayers*:
Servio must put to *Sea*, and does implore,
To th'end, that he might safely come *ashore.*
Servio's in Suit, and therefore must be tyed
To morning prayer, untill his *Cause* be tried:
Servio begins to loath a Single life,
And therefore prayes for a high-portion'd *Wife*:

Servio would fain be thought religious too,
And therefore prayes as the *Religious* doe:
Servio still prayes for *Profit*, or *Applause*;
Servio will seldome pray, without a *Cause*.

15.

On the Devils Master-Piece.

THis is the height the Devils *Art* can show,
To make man proud, because he is not so.

16.

On our Saviours Fishing.

WHen as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*, Mark the rule he keeps;
He first puts off a little from the Land;
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps*:
By whose example, our *Men-fishers* hold
The self same course; They doe the same, or *should*.

17.

On Mans greatest Enemie.

OF all those mortall Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, *Lord*, keep me from my *Heart*.

18.

On the Hypocrite.

HE's like a *Reed*, that alwaies does reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th' water side;
He beares no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formall sanctity; A very *Flag*:
Hee's round, and full of substance, to the show;
But hollow-hearted if inquir'd into:

In peacefull ſeaſons, when the weather's fair,
Stands firm; but ſhakes, with every blaſt of *Air*.

19.

On the Holy Scriptures.

WHy did our bleſſed Saviour pleaſe to break
His ſacred thoughts in *Parables*, and ſpeak
In dark *Enigmaes*? Whoſoere thou be
That findſt them ſo, they were not ſpoke to Thee:
In what a caſe is hee, that haps to run
Againſt a poſt, and cries, *How dark's the Sun*?
Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Froſt*?
The Goſpel's hid to none, but who are loſt.
The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein 'tis ſaid,
An Elephant may *ſwim*, a Lamb may *wade*.

20.

On Mans Heart.

NAture preſents my heart in *Ore*.
Fair civill carriage *gilds* it o're;
Which when th' Almighty ſhall behold
With a pleas'd eye, he brings to *gold*:
Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs it;
If droſſe remain, the *Touch* bewrayes it,
Afflictions *Furnace* then refines it;
Gods holy *Spirit* ſtamps and coynes it:
No *Coyn* ſo currant, it will goe
For the beſt *Wares*, that Heav'n can ſhow.

21.

On Drunkenneſs.

MOſt Sins, at leaſt, pleaſe *Senſe*; but this is Treaſon,
Not only 'gainſt the *crown* of *Senſe*, but *Reaſon*.

22.

On a Kisse.

FRe since our blessed Saviour was betrayd
With a *Lip-Kisse*, his Vicar is afraid:
From whence perchance, this common use did grow
To kisse his rother end; *I mean his Toe.*

23.

On the Alchymist.

THe patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
By Art, is to dissemble Natures *Fire*,
Imploys his labour to transmute the old,
And baser *substance* into perfect *Gold*:
He laughs at unbeleevers, scornes and flouts
Illiterate *Counsel*, neither cares, nor doubts:
Untill, at length, by his ingenious *Itch*,
Hee's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich:
Such is the *Civill man*; that by his even
And levell actions hopes to merit Heaven;
He thinks, by help of *Nature*, to acquire,
At least, to counterfeit the sacred Fire
Of saving *Grace*, to purge, and to refresh
His base desires, and change his *stone* to *flesh*:
He spurns at Counsell; He derides and jerks
Those whining Spirits that renounce their *works*;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

24.

On the ten Lepers.

TEn *Lepers* cleansed? And but one of ten
Return the *Cleanser* thanks? Ungratefull men!

But *Ten* ith' *Hundred?* That's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

25.

On the last Epigram.

HOw, how am I deceiv'd, that speak to thee
Of *Interest*, when the purchase was in *Fee?*
Thou mad'st a clean *Conveyance* to the Ten,
And ne'r expect'dst the *Principall* agen:
Lord, we must reckon by another *Rate*:
They gave not one years Purchase for th' *Estate*:
Lord, how we palter with thee! We pretend
A present Payment, till w'obtain our *End*;
And then we crave, and crave a longer Day,
Then pay in *Driblets*; or else never pay.

26.

On the Box of Ointment.

IT is no wonder, he above the rest,
Whom *thirtie pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profest
The *Box of ointment* was but cast away:
He that dare *murmure* at so small a cost,
May eas'ly think the charge in *Buriall* lost.

27.

On Mary and Judas.

MAry did kisse him: *Iudas* kist him too;
But both their aims were cover'd in a *mist*:
Both kisse our Saviour; but their kisses doe
Differ as far as did the parts they kist:
There's danger still, where double hearts doe steal
The form of *Love*, or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

28 *On*

28.

On our Saviour and his Vicar.

ME thinks thy *Vicar Gen'rall* beares the Keyes,
And executes thy *Place* with greater eaſe,
And in one *Iubilee* enjoyes more mirth,
Then thou, my dying Lord, didſt from thy Birth:
Alas! Thou hadſt not wherewithall to fill
Thy craving ſtomack: He has *Cates* at will:
Thy emptie Coffers had not to defray
Thy *Tribute charge*; To him Kings *Tribute* pay:
Foxes have holes; Thou hadſt not, whereupon
To reſt thy wakefull head: He ſnorts in *Doun*:
In ſhort, Thy life was nothing but the Storie
Of *Poverty*, and his, of Princely *Glorie*:
When tempting Satan would have giv'n thee all
The *wealth* and *glory* of the world, to fall
And worſhip him; at thy refuſall, Lord,
Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word;
So came thy wants ſo great, ſo great his ſtore,
The Vicar ſo ſo *rich*; the Lord, ſo *poor*.

29.

On the great Prelate.

OUr Saviours *feet* were kiſt: The people doe
The very ſame to thee, great *Prelate*, too;
O, who will ſeal but ſuch another *Kiſſe*
Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his!

30.

On Idolatry.

CAn common madneſſe find a thing, that's more
Repugnant to the very Laws of *Nature*;

The

That the Creators *Image* ſhould adore
The ſenſleſſe Image of a ſenſuall *creatue*!
If ſuch be Gods; if ſuch our helpers be,
O, What are Men! How more than Beaſts are we?

31.
On the Tables of Stone.

THat ſtony *Table* could receive the print
Of thy juſt *Lawes*; Thy *Lawes* were written in't;
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that *ſtone*.

32.
On mans three Enemies.

THere's three, that with their fiery *Darts*, doe levell
Againſt my Soul, the *World*, the *Fleſh*, the *Devill*.
Lord, give me patience, if not ſtrength; For there
Are *Three* t'afflict me; I'm but one to beare.

33.
On Dinah.

WHen *Dinahs* careleſſe *Eye* was grown to laviſh
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to *raviſh*:
It is no leſſe than ſilent invitation,
Although we ſcorn the ſin, to give th' occaſion:
Sure *Dinahs* Reſolution was too ſtrong,
Or to *admit*, or not *reſiſt* a *Wrong*,
And ſcornes to ſtoop to the *Adult'rers* armes;
We often burn, intending but to warme's:
She went but out to ſee; Perchance, to hear
What *Luſt* could ſay: What harm to lend an ear?
Anothers ſin, ſometimes, procures our ſhames:
It ſtaines our Bodies, or, at leaſt, our Names.

34. On

34.

On Fido.

MArk, when the good man prospers with his *plot*,
Hee's still envy'd; despis'd, if prosper not;
The Wicked have *no peace* with God; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t' have *peace* with men?

35.

On Jacob.

HOw *Jacob*'s troop'd! *Laban* pursues with one
Great *Troop*; and *Esau* meets him with another:
Laban resolves to apprehend his Son;
Esau, to be reveng'd upon his Brother:
Me thinks I see how Jacob *stands suppli'd,*
Like Vertue with a vice on either side.
Laban pursues him to regain his *gods*:
Esau t' avenge his *Birth-right* and his *Blessing*:
What hope has *Jacob* now? 'Twixt both, 'tis ods,
There will be either *Death* or *Dispossessing*:
God takes delight to turn our helper then,
When all our helps and hopes are past with men.
Laban encounters *Jacob*: He requires
His *gods*: And *Esau*'s near at hand by this:
Laban's appeas'd; and quencht are *Esaus* Fires;
T'one leaves him; T'other meets him with a *Kisse*:
Iacob's in league with both: *The Soul that shall*
Have peace with God, has league and peace with all.

36.

On Drunkennesse.

IT is a *Theif*; that oft, before his face,
Steales *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in's place.

37. On

37.

On a Tenise-Court.

MAn is a *Tenise-Court*: His Flesh the *Wall*:
The Gamesters *God*, and *Satan*: Th' Heart's the *Ball*:
The higher and the lower *Hazzards* are
Too bold *Presumption*, and too base *Despaire*:
The *Rackets*, which our restlesse *Balls* make fly,
Adversity, and sweet *Prosperity*:
The Angels keep the *Court*, and mark the place
Where the *Ball* falls, and chaulk out ev'ry *Chase*:
The *Line's* a Civill life we often crosse,
Ore which, the *Ball* not flying, makes a *Losse*:
Detractors are like *Standers-by*, and bet
With Charitable men: Our *Life's* the *Set*.
Lord, in this *Conflict*, in these fierce *Assaults*,
Laborious *Satan* makes a world of *Faults*;
Forgive them Lord, although he ne'r implore
For favour: They'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*:
Strike where thou pleas'e, so as the *Set* be thine.

38.

On Abels *Bloud*:

ABel was silent, but his *bloud* was strong,
Each drop of guiltlesse *bloud* commands a tongue,
A tongue, that *cryes*; 'Tis not a tongue, implores
For *gentle Audience*; 'Tis a tongue that rores
For hideous *Vengeance*; 'Tis a tongue that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noise my Blessed Saviours *Bloud*
Makes now in Heav'n! how strong it cries! how loud!

But not for *Vengeance*: From his side has sprung
A world of *drops*; From ev'ry drop, a *Tongue*.

39.

On the Memory.

DOes thy corrected Frailty still complain
Of thy disloyall *Mem'ry*? Do'st retain
Nothing that's Good; And is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warm thy heart,
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance*? Is the most
Of what th' inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable eares? And not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou hast a *Chanc'lour* in thy Breast,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and hoards up the least,
The *poorest Sum*: No, no, thou needst not feare,
There's nothing will be lost that's taken there:
Thinkst thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap*, untold?
Or canst thou judge, that *Fier*, clos'd about
With rak'd-up *Embers*, 'cause not seen, is out?
Gold, lost in greater *sums*, is still thine own;
And rak'd up *Embers* will, in time, be blown
To *Flames*: Believ't, the *Words* thine eares have lost,
Thy *heart* will find, when thou shalt need them most.

40.

On the Babel-Builders.

SUre, if those *Babell-builders* had thought good
To raise their heav'n-high *Tower* before the *Flood*,
The wiser sort of people might deride
Th ir *Folly*, and that Folly had salv'd their *pride*;
Or had their *Faiths* but enterpriz'd that *plot*,
Their *hearts* had finisht what their hands could not;

'Twas

'Twas not for love of Heav'n: nor did they aime
So much to raiſe a *Building*, as a *Name*:
They that by *Works* ſhall ſeek to make intruſion
To Heav'n, find nothing but their own *Confuſion*.

41.

On Eſau *and* Jacob.

Eſau goes forth; ſtrives, with his own diſquiet,
To purchaſe *Ven'ſon* for his Fathers Diet:
Jacob abides at home; and by his *Mother*,
Is taught the way, how to ſupplant his Brother:
There's ſome that hunt, like *Eſau*, ſweat and toile,
And ſeek their *Bleſſing* by their own *Turmoile*;
Whilſt others crave aſſiſtance, and bewray
Their wiſer *weakneſſe*, in a ſafer *Way*?
O, if the Church, my *Mother*, will inſtruct me,
Make *ſavory Meat*, and cloath me, and conduct me
Into my Fathers *Armes*, theſe hands ſhall never
Truſt to the poorneſſe of their own *Endevor*:
Bring I a *Kid* but of my *Mothers* dreſſing,
'Twill pleaſe my *Father*, and procure my *Bleſſing*.

42.

On ſeverall Sinnes.

Groſſe Sin.

IS like a *Show'r*, which ere we can get in
Into our conſcience, wets us to the skin.

Sin of Infirmity.

IS like the falling of an *Aprill ſhowre*;
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun-ſhine*, in an howre.

Sin

Sin of Custome.

IS a long *showre*, beginning with the Light;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of Night.*

Sin of Ignorance.

IT is a hideous *Mist*, that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of *Rain.*

Crying Sinnes.

IT is a sudden *showre*, that teares in sunder
The *Cope* of *Heav'n*, and alway comes with *Thunder.*

Sin of Delight.

IS like a *feathered showre of Snow*, not felt,
But soakes to th' very skin, when ere it melt.

Sin of Presumption.

DOes like a *showre of Haile*, but wet and wound
With sudden death: or strikes us to the *Ground.*

The Sin of Sinnes.

IT is a *sulph'rous showre*, such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes to th' *Pit of Hell.*

43.

On these showres.

GOod God! what *Weather's* here! These soules of ours
Have still the luck to travell in a *showre*: (our Lord,

Lord, we are cold and pitifully drencht;
Not a dry Thread; And all our *Fire's* quencht,
Our very Bloud is cold; Our trembling knees
Are mutuall *Anvils*; Lord, we ſtand and freeze;
Alas, we find ſmall comfort from the *Eye*
Of Heav'n; theſe ſhowring *clouds*, our *ſins*, doe flye
Betwixt the *Sun* and us: We dry no more,
Than if the *Sun* had giv'n his office o'r:
Nay Lord; if now and then thoſe *Beams* doe chance
To break upon's, and lend a feeble glance
Upon our reeking *ſoules*, ere we begin
To feel the warmth, w'are dous'd and drencht agin:
In what a caſe are we! Our nightly *damps*
And daily *ſtorms*, have fill'd our Soules with *Cramps*,
With waverling *Palſeys*, and our hoarſer tongues
Can doe thee ſervice, not in *Prayers* nor *Songs*:
Our Zeales are aguiſh; hot and cold: They be
Extreamly hot to th' *World*, as cold to *Thee*;
Our Bloud has got a *Fever*: Lord, it muſt
Be ſet on fire with every wanton *Luſt*:
What worlds of miſchiefs are there, that prevaile not
Upon our fainting Soules? What is't we aile not,
That wet and cold can bring? Yet have no power
To keep us in, but dabble in the *ſhower*:
Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory; Be as fierce,
As theſe eccliplſing *Clouds* are black; Diſperce
And clear them with thy ſtronger beams, that thus
Dare interpoſe betwixt thy Glory, and us:
Reflect on my diſtempered Soul; Refine
This vap'rous *Earth*, this ſinfull Fleſh of mine;
That, though ſome *Drops* muſt fall, I may have power,
Shelter'd by Thee, t'avoid the down-right *Shower*:
O let my dabled *Spirit* ſtill retire
To thee, and warm her by thy Sacred *Fire*;
That having ravill'd out ſome weary houres,
She may arrive where's neither *Clouds* nor *ſhowres*.

44.
On Dives *and* Lazarus.

DId ever *Judge* more equally proceed
To punish *Sin*? so right, in kind, and nature?
Poor *Lazarus* was refus'd a *crumb* of Bread;
And *Dives* was deny'd a *drop* of Water:
Children are oftentimes so like the Mother,
That men may eas'ly know the one by th' other.

45.
On two Suitors.

THe *Soul* is like a *Virgin*; for whose love
Two jealous Suitors strive; Both daily move
For Nuptiall favour; Both, with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins *heart*:
The first, approaching, knockt, and knockt again;
The *Door* being op'ned, at his entring in,
He blush'd; and (as young bashfull Lovers use)
Is more than half discouraged, ere he sues:
At length, that love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her ear
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the story of his *Passion*:
He vowes his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection
Of undissembled, and entire *Affection*;
He sues for equall mercy from her *Eye*;
And must have love, or else, for love, must dye:
His present meanes were short: He made profession
Of a fair *Joynture*, though but small *possession*:
And in a word, to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his Blood:
The other boldly enters: with the strong
And sweet-lip'd *Rhet'ricke* of a Courtly tongue,

Salute

lutes her gentle eares: His lips discover
he amorous language of a wanton *Lover*:
e smiles and faunes, and now and then lets flye
perious *glances* from his sparkling Eye;
ibes her more *orient neck* with *Peal*; with *charms*-
nclosing *Bracelets* decks her ivory *Armes*;
e boasts th' extent of his Imperiall Power,
nd offers Wealth and Glory for a *Dower*:
ewixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext;
he first Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next
as told: She lik'd the one, the other; Loth
o make a choice: She could affect them *Both*:
he one was jocund, full of sprightly mirth:
he other, better born; of Nobler birth:
he second su'de in a compleater fashion:
but the first show'd deeper wounds of Passion:
he first was sadly modest; And the last
ore rudely pleasant: His fair looks did cast
ore am'rous flames; But yet the t'others eye
id promise greater Nuptiall *Loyalty*:
he last's more; yet Riches, but for life,
ake a poor *Widow*, of a happy *Wife*:
he first's *Estate's* but small, if not made good
y Death: Fair *Joyntures* comfort *Widowhood*:
hom shall this *Virgin* chuse? Her thoughts approve
he last, for present *wealth*; the first, for *love*:
th may not be enjoy'd: Her heart must smother
er love to *one*, if she affect the *other*.
h, silly *Virgin*! Is the choice so hard
wo extreams? Can thy weak thoughts reward
o so unequall, with a like respect?
owst thou not which to slight, and which t' affect?
bmit to better judgement, and advise
ith thy best *Friend*: O trust not thine own eyes:
his *last*, that seemes so pleasant, so acute,
but a *slave*, drest in his Lords old *Suit*:

He

He brags of *glory*, and of Princely Power,
When he is kickt and baffled every hower:
The *Treasure* that he boasts is not his own,
He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known;
For which he is *arraign'd*, condemn'd to th' paines
Of *death*; His sentence is, to hang in *Chaines*:
His plot's to bring thee in as deep as he:
Beleev't, It is thy *Bloud* he seeks, not *Thee*:
The *Bribes* he gave thee are but stoln: Fond *Girle*,
Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaim that *Pearle*:
The *first*, whose oft repeated knocks did crave
Admittance, was the Lord to that base *slave*:
His *Faith* is loyall, and as firm his *Vow*;
To him, his life's not half so dear as thou:
That *wealth*, that *honour*, that dissembled *power*,
That pleasant *Peasant* offer'd as a *Dower*,
Is that fair Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*,
Can any challenge from him, but by stealth:
Match there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vowes
Plight holy contracts with so sweet a Spouse:
His left hand's full of *treasure*; And his right,
Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight*:
Hee'l give thee *wealth*; and in that wealth, content,
For present meanes; And (when thy *glasse* has spent
Her latest Sand, that Time untransitory
Thy dayes) a Joynture of *Eternall Glory*.

46.

On the old and new Garment.

NEw *Garments* being brought, who is't that would
Not scorn to live a Pris'ner to the *Old*?
Yet though our bounteous Saviour at his cost,
Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most:
Alas, they pinch us! O, they sit too straight!
They are too cumbersome! too great a weight!

No

No, no; the *old* were too too light, too great;
So we have eaſe, we care not to be neat:
Like tyred Jades, our better wills repair
To a foul *Stable*, then t' a *Rode* that's fair.

47.
On Mans Co-operation.

WE are not *Blocks*: We muſt expect the *Call*;
And, being call'd, muſt *move*, and *riſe* withall:
The *Voyce* were needleſſe, and as good be dumb,
As, with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come:
Deſerves he food, that thinks it vain to gape?
Chriſt takes his Spouſe by *Contract*, not by *Rape*.

48.
On the old and new Tables.

THe former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
And left no Monuments of themſelves, no token,
No Sign that ever ſuch things were: But mark,
The *later* were kept holy in the *Ark*:
Thoſe *Tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
To look for *new*, and yet not break the *old*?
Or can the ruines of the old find place
In th' Ark of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
Diſmount, O bleſſed *Moſes*, and renew
Thoſe *Tables* thou haſt broken, or make *new*

49.
On a Crucifix.

WHy not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
As of a Friend? Nor *this*, nor *that*'s ador'd:
Does not th' Eternall Law command, that thou
Shalt evil as well forbeare to make, as bow?

Not

Not to ſo good an *end*? T' advance his *Paſſion*?
The *gold* being pure, what matter for the *Faſhion*?
Take heed: The pureſt gold does often take
Some loſſe, ſome prejudice, for the faſhions ſake.
Not to a *Civill end*? To garniſh *Halls*?
To deck our *Windowes*? To adorn our *Walls*?
Shew-bread muſt not be common: And the Cruſe
Of holy Oyle admits no civill uſe:
No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
Within; 'Tis th' object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

50.

On praying to Saints.

NOt pray to *Saints*? Is not the *Warrant* ample,
If *backt* with *Scripture*? *ſtrengthen'd* with *example*?
Did not that ſweltring *Dives* make *complaint*
For water? was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
Why ſhould Reformed *Churches* then forbid it?
'Tis true: But tell me, what was *He*, that did it?

51.

On Confeſſion.

EXperience tels, That *Agues* are about
To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out:
In Spirituall *Fevers*, there's the ſame expreſſion
Of Health, when lips break forth into *Confeſſion*:
But mark: Theſe hopefull *ſymptomes* never doe
Confirm the Ague *goue*, but *fair to goe*:
They doe not alwayes work, what they portend;
Confeſſion profits not, unleſſe we mend.

52. On

52.

On Solomons *Rejoyce.*

YOung man Rejoyce: What jolly mirth is here?
Let thy heart cheere thee: What delicious Cheare?
In thy young dayes; Thy cates will reliſh ſweeter:
Walk thy own wayes: Thy cares will paſſe the fleeter:
Pleaſe thy own heart: Carve where it likes thee beſt:
Delight thine eyes: And be a Joyfull Gueſt:
But know withall, The Day will come, whereon
Thy Judge will doom thee for the deeds th'aſt done:
O what a *Feaſt*! O what a *Reck'ning's* here!
The *Cates* are ſweet; The *Shot's* extreamly deare:
Lord, I have been, and am a daily *Gueſt*
(Too oft invited) at the *Toungs mans* Feaſt:
The *Reck'ning's* great; Although I cannot pay,
I can *Confeſſe*; Great God, before this Day,
I had been dragd to the redeemleſſe *Fayle*,
Hadſt thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviours *Baile*;
Lord, he muſt bear't I doubt: For I can get
Nor *Coyn* to pay, nor labour out the *Debt*:
I cannot *dig*, my Joynts are ſtark and lame:
But I can *beg*, although I beg with ſhame;
I have no *Grace* in begging; can receive
The firſt *repulſe*: I have no *Faith*, to crave:
If th'entertainments of the *Feaſt* be theſe;
Lord give me *Famine*; take the *Feaſt* that pleaſe.

53.

On Bread.

TAke up that bit of *Bread*: And unde ſtand,
What 'tis thou holdeſt in thy careleſſe hand:
Obſerve it with thy thoughts, and it will read thee
An uſefull Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;

We ſtir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
But God muſt ſend a ſeaſon for the *Plow*:
We ſow our *Seed*; But ſow our ſeed in vain,
If Heav'n deny the firſt, the latter *Rain*;
Small proof in *ſhowrs*, if heav'ns pleas'd hand ſhall crain
To bleſſe thoſe ſhowrs, nor crown them with *increaſe*.
The tender *Blades* appear before thine eye,
But, *unrefreſht* by heav'n, as ſoon they dye:
The infant *Eares* ſhoot forth, and now begin
To corn: But God muſt hold his *Mill-dews* in:
The *Harveſt* come: But Clouds conſpire together,
Hands cannot work, till heav'n ſhall clear the *weather*:
At length 'tis reap'd: Between the *Barn* and *Furrow*
How many Offices poor Man runs thorow!
Now God has done his part: The reſt we ſhare
To Man: His providence takes now the care:
No; yet it is not curs: The uſe alone,
Not bare poſſeſſion makes the thing our own:
Thy ſwelling *Barnes* have crownd thy full deſire,
But heav'n, when Mows ſhould *ſweat*, can make them (ſink
I, but the *ſheaves* are thraſht, and the heap lies
In thy full *Garner*; He that ſent the *Flies*
To *Pharoes* Court, can, with as great an eaſe,
Send thee more waſtfull *vermin*, if he pleaſe:
Perchance 'tis grounded, kneaded: and what thought
Gods *Curſe* is often temper'd with the *Dough*;
Beleev'r, the fruits of all thy toyle, is mine:
Untill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine*:
But now 't has fed thee: Is thy ſoul at reſt?
Perchance, thy ſtomack's dainty to digeſt.
No, if Heav'ns following favour doe not laſt
From the firſt *Furrow* to the very *Taſt*,
Thy labour's loſt: The *Bread* of all thy travill,
Without that bleſſing, feeds no more than *Gravill*.
Now waſtfull Man, thou may'ſt repoſe again
That Modell of Gods *Prov'dence* and thy *pain*,

That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog should fawn
Upon thy lap, let not so dear a Pawn
Of greater plenty be contemn'd and lost;
Remember *how* it came, and *what* it cost.

54.
On Faith and Reason.

TRue *Faith* and *Reason*, are the Soules two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore looks upward, and discryes
Objects remote; but *Reason* can discover
Things onely near; sees nothing that's above her:
They are not *Matches*; Often disagree:
And sometimes both are clos'd, and neither see;
Faith viewes the *Sun*; and *Reason* but the shade;
T'one courts the *Mistresse*; t'other wooes the *Maid*:
That sees the *Fire*; This onely but the *Flint*,
The true-bred Christian alwayes looks a squint.

55.
On Carnall Mirth.

WHo seeks to quench by help of *Carnall* freinds
Those fiery *Errants* that the conscience sends,
Redeems his *Peace*, but with a further *spoyle*.
Drinks in a *Fever*: quenches Fire with Oyle.
Lord, if thou strike my *Conscience*; and that, *Mee*:
I will expect, and trust no Friend, but *Thee*.

56.
On Prayer.

PRayer's like a *Vapour* fum'd from earth; that flies
To th' *gates* of Heav'n: It never rots i'th' skies:
If *Faith* and *It* be joyn'd, it will obtain,
And melt into a first and latter *Rain*;

If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder.*

57.

On Anna.

WHat faithfull *Anna* by her Tears had done,
Deserv'd the double duty of a Son:
She was a *double* Parent; pleas'd to doe
A double Office; *bore*, and *got* him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was lesse strange than rare,)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer.*

58.

On a Gift.

NO *losse* to give to thee; the gift is more
Our *own*, being giv'n, great God; than 'twas before.

59.

On my self.

IF righteous *Ely* was not vengeance free,
How shall I scape! He was a Saint to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my heart and comfort fail,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our *Scale*!

60.

On Justification and Sanctification.

LOrd, thou hast promis'd, *in* and *for* thy Christ,
To *sanctifie* where ere thou *justifi'st*:
Lord, all my Evils are justifi'd in thee;
Lord, let those *Evils* be sanctifi'd to me.

61. On

61.
On Mans Love.

WHen think we, Lord, on thee! and when we do
How feeble are our thoughts, and sinfull too!
How basely doe our crooked Soules engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, *Page*
To our Salvation: Mans more servile heart
Loves what he'd *have* thee, *Lord*, not what thou *art*;
This is the very best of Man, wherein
We are apt to think we *merit* more, than *sin*:
But there's a baser *Love*: Our chief respects
Have meer relation to our own *Defects*;
Like Dogs we faune upon our Masters *Laps*,
With dirty feet, and onely love for *Scraps*.
But there's a baser yet: We love for *fear*,
Finding, like *Kain*, more than we can bear,
And, were it not for shame, our hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as, great God, to *Thee*:
But there's a baser yet: And baser none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of man alone:
We force a *Zeale*; usurp the name of *Pure*;
That we may sin more *closely*, more *secure*;
We love thee onely to abuse thee, just
As Whores love Husbands, but to cloke their lust:
How art thou martyr'd in our lustfull Fires!
How made a *Stale* to catch our *wilde* desires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in me,
Thee for thy *self*, and all things else in *Thee*.

62.
On filiall love and servile.

THey'r not alike, although alike appear:
T'one fears for *Love*: The other loves for *Fear*.

63.
On Grapes.

IT is receiv'd, that *ſeed* of Grapes being ſown,
Brings forth *degenerate* Cluſters, or elſe *none*:
But Stocks being *grafted* prove a *fruitfull* Vine,
Whoſe pleaſing *Berries* yeeld a generous Wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; theſe Grapes of our,
By *Nature*, are degenerous and ſower;
But if thou pleaſe to *graft* us, we ſhall bear
Delicious fruit; which being preſt, ſhall chear
The hearts of *Angels*, and that bleſſed *Trine*
Of perfect glory, with their ſprightly *Wine*.

64.
On Joy and Griefe.

LOrd, if my *Griefes* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,
They would deſtroy:
And if my *Mirth* were not allaid with *Sadneſſe*,
It would be Madneſſe:
While *this* with *that*; or *that* with *this* contends,
They'r both my *Friends*:
But when theſe happy *Wars* doe chance to ceaſe,
I have no peace.
The more my earthly *Paſſions* doe conteſt,
The more my heavenly *Affections* are at reſt.

65.
On Doves and Serpents.

WE muſt have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our heart,
But how they muſt be marſhall'd there's the (*Art*;
They muſt agree, and not be far aſunder;
The *Dove* muſt hold the wily *Serpent* under:

Their

Their natures teach what places they muſt keep,
The *Dove* can *flye*, the *Serpent* onely *creep*.

66.
On Chriſt, and our ſelves.

I Wiſh a greater knowledge, than t' attain
The knowledge of *my ſelf*; A greater Gain
Than to augment *my ſelf*; A greater Treaſure
Than to enjoy *my ſelf*; A greater Pleaſure
Than to content *my ſelf*; How ſlight, and vain,
Is all ſelf Knowledge, Pleaſure, Treaſure, Gain;
Unleſſe my better knowledge could retrive
My Chriſt; unleſſe my better Gain could thrive
In Chriſt; unleſſe my better Wealth grow rich
In Chriſt; unleſſe my better Pleaſure pitch
On Chriſt; Or elſe my knowledge will proclaim
To my own heart how ignorant I am:
Or elſe my Gain, ſo ill improv'd will ſhame
My Trade, and ſhew how much declin'd I am:
Or elſe my Treaſure will but blurre my name
With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poor I am:
Or elſe my Pleaſures that ſo much *inflame*
My thoughts, will blab how full of ſores I am.
Lord, keep me from *my ſelf*; 'tis beſt for me,
Never to own *my ſelf*, if not in *Thee*.

67.
On Man.

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was ſaid,
And we were made:
No ſooner were, but our falſe hearts did ſwell,
With *Pride*, and fell:
How ſlight is *Man*! At what an eaſie coſt
Hee's *made* and *loſt*?

68.
On Death.

WE all are going to the self-same *Place*;
We onely differ in our *Way*, our *Pace*:
One treads the *common Rode* of Age: Another
Travels, directed by the hand of's *Brother*:
Some crosse the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way;
Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by Day;
Some ride on *Fevers*; Others beat the hoof,
With horses in their hands, and make a proof
Of their own *strength*; Others more tame,
On *Beds of Doune*; Some ride a speedy race
On hot mouth'd *Surfets*, emulous for the *Cup*;
Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up
On spurgall'd *Broyles*, whose Frantick motions send
Their hasty spirits to their *Journeys end*:
Some ride upon the racking Steeds of *Treasure*;
Others false gallop on the backs of Pleasure:
All journey forwards to the self-same Place;
Some the next way; and some the faster pace:
All post an-end; till beaten out of *Breath*,
They all arrive at the great *gates* of Death.
Lord, in this *common Rode*, I doe not care
What pace I travell, so my way be fair.

69.
On the life of Man.

OUr Life is nothing but a *Winters Day*;
Some onely break their *Fast*, and so away:
Others stay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepest Age but *sups*, and goes to bed:
Hee's most in debt, that lingers out the *Day*;
Who dyes betimes, has lesse, and lesse to pay.

70.
On Gods Image.

'T was a *dainty piece*! In every part,
Drawn to the life, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a *shadow* could
Be like a *substance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't: There needed then no name,
No golden *Characters*, that might proclaime
Whose *Picture* 'twas: the Art was so divine
That very Beasts did reverence, as thine:
But now, alas, 'tis blurr'd: the best that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'twas made for thee:
Alas, 'tis faded, soil'd with hourly dust,
Sullyed, and shadow'd with the smoak of *Lust*;
So swarthy, as if that glorious face of thine
Were tawned underneath the *torrid Line*:
How is thy *Picture* alt'red! how ill us'd
By our neglects! how slubberd! how abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* disjoynted, warp'd, and broke,
Her curious *Tablet's* tainted with the smoke:
The object's both offensive, and the savour;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor thy *Favour*.
Lord, let not thy displeased eye forsake
Thy *handy work*, for the bad keepers sake:
Behold it still; and what thou seest amisse,
Passe by: Think what it was; not what it is:
What though her beauty and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made.
There is a great *Apelles* that can lim
With thy own *Pencill*; we have sought to *Him*:
His skilfull hand will wash off all the soyle,
And cleanse thy Picture with his sacred Oyle:
Hee'l make more fair than 'twas; at least, the same;
Hee'l mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*;

Till then; be pleas'd to let thy Picture be
Acknowledg'd *thine*; 'twas made for none but *Thee*.

71.
On the Penny.

HE that endur'd the tyranny of *Heat*;
The *Morning*-sorrowes, and the *Mid-day*-sweat,
The *Evening*-toyle, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyter'd all the *Morning*; stood
I'th' idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd blood
Scarce felt the warmth of labour, nor could show
A *blush* of Action, had his penny too.
What *Wages* can we merit, as our own?
Slaves that are *bought* with *price*, can challenge none,
But onely *Stripes*: alas, if Servants could
Doe more, than bid, they doe but what they should:
When man endeavours, and where heav'n engages
Himself by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*,
He must expect: We must not look t' *obtain*
Because we *Run*; Nor doe we *run* in vain:
Our Running shewes th' effect, produces none:
The *Penny's* giv'n alike to every one
That works i'th' *Vineyard*: Equall *prise* was shar'd
T' unequall *workers*; therefore no *Reward*:
Lord, set my hands a *work*: I will not serve
For *Wages*, lest thou give what I *deserve*.

72.
On a Christian.

THe Generous *Christian* must as well improve
I'th' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
He must be *Innocent*; affraid to doe
A wrong; And *crafty*, to prevent it too:

The

They must be mixt, and temper'd with true love;
An *Ounce* of Serpent serves a *Pound* of Dove.

73.
On Gods bounty.

GOd freely gives; as freely we receive;
It is not, *Doe*; but *Ask, and thou shalt have.*

74.
On Sinnes.

MY Sins are like to *Mountaines*, that arise
Above the *Clouds*, and threat the *threatning Skies*;
Lord, give me *Faith*; and let that Faith be prov'd,
In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

75.
On the life of Man.

A *Thousand* yeares, with God (the Scriptures say)
Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
By which accompt, this measur'd Life of our
Exceeds not much an *hour*;
The half whereof Nature does claim and keep
As her own debt for sleep:
A full *sixt part* of what remaines, we riot
In more than needfull Diet:
Our *Infancy*, our *Childhood*, and the most
Of our *green youth* is lost:
The *little* that is left, we thus divide;
One *part* to cloath our Pride;
Another share we lavishly deboyse
To *vain*, or *sinfull* joyes;
If then, at most, the measur'd life of Man
Be counted but a *span*,

Being

Being half'd, and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remaines for us?
Lord, if the *Totall* of our dayes doe come
To so-so poor a *summe*;
And if our shares, so small, so nothing be,
Out of that *Nothing*, what remaines to *Thee*?

76.
On the Childrens Bread.

THy strengthning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy *thriving Children* strong and able:
Honour and Riches are the *Crummes* that feed
The *Dogs* that lurk beneath their *Masters* Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*, I'm sure I shall have *Crummes* enow.

77.
On Trust and Care.

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
Exclude our *Care*; nor Care *exceed* our Trust.

78.
On Ruscus.

ILliterate *Ruscus* heard *Pedantius* preach;
Admir'd the *Church-mans* learning, and commended
Such things alone, that were above his Reach;
But meanly slighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to think, that *Ruscus* hath,
At least, the twilight of a *Bastard Faith*?

79.

On the receiving of the Lords Supper.

MEn take the Sacred Seals of their Salvation,
As ſome doe Phyſick, not for *health*, but *faſhion*.
The Day preceding, and the following Day,
There's none ſo ſtrict; none ſo reform'd as they:
They curb the furie of their wanton *Riot*,
And call their Surfets to a ſtricter *Diet*:
The time expir'd, the firſt Aſſault that haps,
Prevails, and ſtrikes them to a worſe *Relaps*;
Like Dogs to *vomits* they return agin,
As though they'ad paſt a *Patent* now to ſin:
Let ſuch *Day-Chriſtians* on the very top
Of all their mirth, remember *Judas* *Sop*.

80.

On Faith.

TH'oft ſhaken *Tree* grows faſter at the root; (*Doubt*,
And *faith's* moſt firm, that ſometime's urg'd with

81.

On the Storie of Man.

THe *word* was ſpoke; And what was *Nothing*, muſt
Be made a *Chaos* of confuſed *Duſt*:
The *word* was ſpoke: The *Duſt* began to thicken
To a firm Clay: The *Clay* began to quicken:
The groſſer ſubſtance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Fleſh*: The moiſter turn'd to *Bloud*:
Received *Organs*: and thoſe Organs, *Senſe*;
It was imbelliſht with the Excellence
Of *Reaſon*: It became the *Height* of *Nature*,
Being *ſtampt* with th' *Image* of the great Creator:

But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd:
Her Bauty's *blaſted*, and her Tablet's *raz'd*:
This Height of Nature has committed *Treaſon*
Againſt it ſelf: declin'd both *Senſe* and *Reaſon*;
Meer *Fleſh* and *Bloud*, containing but a day
Of painted Pleaſure, and but *breathing Clay*:
Whoſe Moiſture, dry'd with his own ſorrow, muſt
Reſolve, and leave him to his former *Duſt*;
Which Duſt, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time conſumes, and brings to his firſt *Nothing*:
Thus from this *Nothing*, from this *Duſt*, began
This *Something*, turn'd to Duſt, to *Nothing*, Man.

82.

On Ananias.

THe *Land* was his: The *land* was his alone;
'Twas ſold, and now the *money* was his own:
The power remain'd in the *Poſſeſſors* hand,
To keep his *money*, or have kept his *Land*:
But once devoted to the *Churches good*,
And then conceal'd, it coſt his *life*, his *blood*:
If thoſe that give may not reſume agin,
Without a *Puniſhment*, without a *Sin*,
What ſhall become of thoſe whoſe unjuſt power
Diſpoyles the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*?
Who take her Profits, and in ſtead of giving
Encreaſe to her revenues, make a living
Upon her *Ruines*, growing plump and full
Upon her *Wants*, being cloathed in her *Wooll*;
While ſhe ſuſtains th'extrems of cold and hunger,
To pamper up the fat *Advouſon-monger*;
Who thruſt their *Fleſh-hooks*, in their thriftie Pot,
And onely leave her what they value not:
The whilſt her ſacred *Prieſts* that daily tread
Their ſlighted *Corn*, muſt beg their early *Bread*;

O

Or elſe, be forc'd to purchaſe eaſie ſhares
With the dear *price* of their ungranted *Prayers*?
Let ſuch turn back their ſacrilegious eyes,
And ſee how breathleſſe *Ananias* lyes:
Behold the Wages that his ſin procures,
That was a *Mole Hill*, to theſe *Alpes* of yours:
He took not from the *Church*: Did but conceal
Some parts he gave; But your falſe fingers ſteal
Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Poſſeſſion*;
His was but baſe *deceipt*, yours bold *Oppreſſion*:
O, if no leſſe then the *firſt death* was due
To him, what *death* d'ye thinke prepar'd for you?
So often as your pamper'd eyes ſhall look
On your Eſtates, thinke on the *Flying book*.

83.
On pious Uſes.

THey that in life oppreſſe, and then bequeath
Their goods to *pious Uſes* at their death,
Are like thoſe Drunkards, being laid to ſleep,
They *belch* and *vomit* what they cannot *keep*:
To Gods and Mans acceptance, I preſume,
Their ſeverall Actions ſend the like *perfume*.

84.
On Sophronia.

THe chaſte *Sophronia* knowes not how to ſcape
Th'inevitable danger of a *Rape*;
Cruell *Sophronia* drawes her haſtie knife,
And wourd relieve her Chaſtitie with *life*:
Doubtfull *Sophronia* knowes not what to doe,
She cannot keep the *one*, and *t'other* too:
Sophronia's in a ſtrait; One eye is fixt
O'th'*ſeventh* Command'ment, t'other, on the *ſixt*.

To what Extreams is poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at *Six* and *Seven*?

85.

On the knowing Man.

HE's like a *luſtie Soil*, whoſe *Moiſture* feeds,
If not a world of *Corn*, a world of *Weeds*.

86.

On Romes *Pardon.*

IF *Rome* could *pardon* ſins, as *Romans* hold,
And if ſuch *Pardons* might be bought for *Gold*,
An eaſie Judgement might determine which
To chooſe; To be *Religious*, or elſe *Rich*:
Nay *Rome* does *pardon*: *Pardons* may be ſold;
Wee'l ſearch no *Scriptures*, but the *Mines*, for Gold.

87.

On the World.

THe *world*, compos'd of *heav'n* and *earth's* the ſtorie
Of Gods *Eternall*, and Mans *Temp'rall Glorie*.

88.

On formall Devotion.

MEn doe God Service with the ſame devotion,
As the foul Body takes his loathed *Potion*;
They ſtay and ſtay; then gulp it down in haſt,
Not for the *pleaſure*, but to have it *paſt*:
Whoſe *druggie* Taſte goes ſo againſt their minde,
That oft, the better part is left behinde;
And what is taken, 's taken but in vain,
It either *works not*, or *comes up* again.

89. Of

89.

On heavenly Manna.

O What a world of heav'nly *Manna* falls
Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
With how great *Joy* would neighb'ring *lands* receive
The Fragments of those *Fragments* which we leave!
Our furnisht *Markets* flourish all the year:
We need no *Ephahs*, nor yet *Omers* here:
We take, unmeasur'd, from the bounteous heap;
Thanks never were so *dear*, nor that so *cheap*:
We never hoard, but tosse from hand to hand,
As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land;
C... satiate stomacks are so lavish fed,
That we even sleight, and wanton without *Bread*:
Ah Lord! I fear when careless children play
With their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take *away*.

90.

On unnaturall Sinnes.

TO murther *Parents*, or our selves, has bin,
Though falsly, counted an *unnaturall Sin*:
By *Nature*, we are apt to fall into't;
I rather think't unnaturall *not to doe't*:
If heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere agin
The very course of Nature, *not to sin*.

91.

On the Arke.

IF *Flouds* of Teares shall drown my *world* of Sin,
Alas, my floating Arke retains within,
A cursed *Cham* to store the *World* agin:
What then? so long as holy *Shem* vouchsafeth
But to divide a Tent with bashfull *Japheth*.

92 On

92.

On Sophronia.

Sophronia chooſes rather to commit
Self-murther, then by violence, to ſubmit
Her ventur'd honour to th'injurious truſt
Of the *eye-ſparkling* Tyrants-furious *Luſt*:
What meanes *Sophronia*? Dare her conſcience frame
To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame*.

93.

On a fair Proſpect.

Look up, And there I ſee the fair abode
And glorious *Manſion* of my gracious God:
Look down; In ev'ry garniſht corner lyes
Favours objected to my wondring eyes;
Look on my right hand, There the ſweet increaſe
Of Joyes preſent me with a joyfull *Peace*:
Look on my left hand, There my Fathers *Rod*
Sublimes my knowledge, from my ſelf, to God:
Look forward; There I ſee the lively Storie
Of *Faiths* improvement, and of future *Glory*:
Look backward; There, my thankfull eye is caſt
On *Sins* remitted, and on *Dangers* paſt:
Look inwards; And mine eye is made partaker,
Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker*:
Look up, or *down*; *About*, *above*, or *under*;
Nothing but Objects of true *Love* and *Wonder*.

94.

A Reſolution.

If thou haſt giv'n me *Wealth*, great God I crave
Content, and Grace to *have* the goods I have;

If otherwise; thy will be done: I crave not
So much, to *have*, as use the goods *I have not*;
Lord, make me *Thine*; And then I shall appear,
If not thy *Almner*, yet thy *Beadsman* here.

95.
On the Worlds Welcome.

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Jael*,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*, Her right, a *Nail*;

96.
On our Meditation upon God.

WHen thy ambitious *knowledge* would attempt
So *high a Task* as God, she must exempt
All carnall *sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *pow'rs*, Thy *Fancie* must be bound to th' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt, they must exile
Thy *flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath* for awhile
Thou must *forget* thy self, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy own thoughts, and shake eternall hands
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and clear
Thy heart of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spirituall*, a *most perfect* Beeing,
Pure, *simple*; At the self-same instant, seeing
Things Present, Past, and Future; One whose *Might*,
Whose *Wisdome*, *Justice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himself*, being Great
Without a *Quantity*, and most Compleat
Without *Degrees*; Eternall without *space*
Of *Time*: At all times Present, without *Place*:
Think thus: And when thy *thoughts* can *soar* no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*:

97.
On Faith.

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*
Because he wants it, hath a true *Belief*.
And he that grieves, because his *griefe's* so ſmall,
H'as a *true Grief*, and the beſt *Faith* of all.

98.
On Mans Folly.

Idiots, and Senſe-bound *Lunaticks* diſcern
'Twixt *Salt* and *Sugar*; very *Babes* will learn
To know a *Counter* from the currant *Coin*;
Brute *Beaſts*, by *Inſtinct* of Nature, will decline
Th'alluring *Bait*, and ſenſe-beguiling *Snare*;
Though that ſeem ne'r ſo *ſweet*; this, ne'r ſo *fair*:
Yet *Man*, heav'ns greateſt *Maſter-Piece* will chuſe,
What *Fools*, and *Madmen*, *Beaſts*, and *Babes* refuſe:
Delights in dangerous *Pleaſures*, and beneath
The name of *Joyes*, pleaſes himſelf to *death*.

99.
On Glory.

THat *Saint* in Heav'n whoſe *Glory* is the leaſt,
Has ev'n as perfect *Glory* as the beſt:
There's no *Degrees*, but in a finite Treaſure:
No difference 'twixt *Pauls* glory and *mine*, but *meaſure*.

100.
On Reward.

WHen holy *Scriptures* mention the *Rewarding*
Of *works*, we read not, *For*, but ſtill *According*.

The End of the Third Book.

DIVINE FANCIES:

The Fourth Book.

1.
A Good Morrow.

THis day: Unfold thine Arms; Arise, and rouze
Thy leaden Spirits, and pay thy Morning *Vows*;
Send up thy *Incense*; Let her early smoke
Renew that League thy very dreams have broke;
Then mayst thou *work* or *play*; Nothing shall be
Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

2.
A Good Night.

CLose now thine Eyes, and rest secure;
Thy *Soul* is safe enough, thy *Body* sure.
He that loves thee, he that keeps
And guards thee, never slumbers, never sleeps.
The smiling Conscience in a sleeping breast
Has onely peace, has onely rest:
The musick and the mirth of Kings
Are all but very *Discords*, when she sings:

Then

Then close thine Eyes and rest secure;
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

3.

On a Printing-House.

THe *World's* a *Printing House*; our *words*, our *thoughts*
Our *deeds*, are *Characters* of sev'rall sizes:
Each *Soul* is a *Composer*, of whose faults
The Levites are *Correctors*: Heav'n revises;
Death is the *common Presse*, from whence being driven,
W'are gathered *Sheet* by *Sheet*, and bound for *Heaven*.

4

A Dialogue between GABRIEL *and* MARY.

GABRIEL,

HAil blessed *Mary*: MA. What celestiall tongue
Calls sinfull *Mary* blessed? GAB. It is I.
MA. Who art thou? GA. *I* am *Gabriel* that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: MA. I faint, I dye.
GA. Fear not sweet *Virgin*, all the *Earth* shall be
Made debters to thy *Womb*, and blest in Thee.
MA. How Lord? GA. Thy *Virgin Womb* shall bear a *Son*
That shall *redeem* the world. MA. My *Lord*, How can
Such wonders come to passe, such things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
GA. The *Holy Ghost* at his appointed hower:
Shall make thee pregnant by his sacred power:
MA. *Wonder* of wonders! GA. At whose *height* the *Quire*
Of *heav'n* stand ravisht, tremble, and admire.
MA. O may it be according to thy Word:
GA. Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou shalt be known the *Mother* of our Lord,
And thou shalt dance thy Saviour on thy knee.

MA.

Ma. Both *heav'n* and *earth* shall triumph, and the *frame*
Of hell shall tremble at *Maria*'s name:
Ga. All *Ages* past, and present, and to come,
Shall joy in *Mary*, and in *Marie's* wombe.

5.

On Rhemus.

IF Heav'n would please to purge thy *Soul* as well
As *Rome* thy *purse*, thou needst not fear a Hell.

6.

On the Life of Man.

MAns day's a *Song*, compos'd by th'great *Musitian*,
Full of harmonious *Ayres* and dainty choice,
But spoild with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;
Abus'd and lost for want of *skill*, and *voyce*:
We misse our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;
Our life the *Treble*, and our death the *Base* is.

7.

On Mary.

FOur *Marie's* are eterniz'd for their worth:
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charles*, the *fourth*.

8.

On the Church.

LEt not thy *blackness* move thee to despair,
Black Women are belov'd of men that's fair:
What if thy hair her flaxed brightnesse lack?
Thy *face* is comely, though thy *Brow* be black.

9. On

9.

On the two Essences.

GOds sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious bodie of the greater light:
'Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Mans *Essence* represents the borrowed light
And feeble lustre of the Lampe of night:
Her *Rayes* are faint, and her Reflection thin,
Distain'd with nat'rall blemishes within;
Inconstant, various; having of her own,
No light at all; or light as good as none:
When too much earth shall interpose, and slips
Betwixt these Lights, our souls are in th' *Eclips*.

10.

On our Saviours Passion.

THe earth did tremble, and heavens closed eye
Was loth to see the *Lord of Glory* dye;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the Sphears
Forgot their *harmonie*; The clouds dropt *tears*:
Th'ambitious Dead arose to give him room;
And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his *Tombe*;
Th'affrighted heav'ns sent down elegious *Thunder*:
The *Worlds Foundation*, loos'd, to lose their *Founder*;
Th'impatient *Temple* rent her *Vail* in two,
To teach our hearts what our sad hearts should doe:
Shall senceless things doe this, and shall not I
Melt one poor drop to see my Saviour dye?
Drill forth my Teares; and trickle one by one,
Till you have peirc'd this *heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

11. On

11.

On Peter.

WHat luck had *Peter* ! For he took a Fish
That stor'd his *purse*, as well as fil'd his *dish*;
Whose bounty did *enrich*, as well as feed him;
But they are better *Fishers* that succeed him:
He catcht by chance: *These catch* the like by skill:
He catcht but *once*: *These* catch them when they will:
They cast their Angles into better *Seas*;
Their baits are onely for such *Fish* as these:
Brave sport, and full of curious pleasure! *Come*,
There is no Fishing to the Sea —— *of* Rome.

12.

On Herodias.

I'Letell thee, *Light-skirts*, whosoever taught
Thy feet to dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
Thou'lt find it dear, *Herodias*, if thou do'lt
Compare thy *penn-worth* with the *price* it cost.

13.

On Faith and Hope.

HOw much the stronger *Hopes* on life relye,
So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to dye.

14.

On Water and Wine.

THe happie diff'rence and sweet change of life,
When a chast *Virgin* turns a loyall *Wife*,
Our blessed Lord, in *Cana* did divine,
And turn'd cold *Water* into lustie *Wine*.

15.

On Age.

HOw *fresh bloud* dotes! O how *green Youth* delires!
It most disdains the *thing* it most desires.

16.

On a Fig-tree.

A Christian's like a *Fig-tree* that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or blossomes all the year:
No wonder then, our Saviour curst that Tree;
Fig-trees are alwaies dead, where no Figs be.

17.

On Rhemus.

RHemus, upon a time I heard thee tell,
A *Wall* divideth Purgatorie and Hell;
And that a gold-bought *Masse* will clear th' offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence:
Ah *Rhemus*, what demented Soul would spare
To ruine Wife, or to dis-land an Heir,
Rather then feel such torments, you pretend,
That equall Hell in all but *time* and *end*?
Ah *Rhemus*, if the power of gold be such,
How dare you be so bold to die so rich!

18.

On Jacob.

NE're boast thy *Bargain, Iacob*: For poor we
Have made a better contract far, then thee:
We envie not his Land thou didst inherit
Our Brother took our *Flesh*; gave us his *Spirit*.

19 On

19.

On Simon Magus.

Simon, Bring Gold enough, and I will tell thee,
Where thou shalt *buy*, what *Peter* would not *sell* thee:
Repair to his *Successors*; They are free
And frolick *Gamesters*, not so strict as hee;
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not stand
To sell good Pen'worths at the *second hand*:
They'l sell good cheap, but they'l not give to any;
No *Pater noster* where there is no *Pennie*:
No, if thy purse be like an emptie *shell*,
They will not *give*, what *Peter* would not *sell*.

20.

On the Bishop of Rome.

ADmit, great Prelate, that thou wert that *Rock*
Whereon the *Church* was founded, couldst *unlock*
The *gates* of heav'n; and with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey;
Thy Papall dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

21.

On Milo.

DOe, strive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged passage strait;
Lessen thy self, and fast thy carkass thin;
Take in thy *flesh*, 'twill get thee easier in:
Look up to heav'n, twill raise thy body uprighter;
Give lib'ral *almes*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy base corruptions, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, half lost for want of spirit;

Let not thy dastard, and dull thoughts disdain
Those works which cold *despair* mistakes, as vain;
Take heed, let not thy queazie Soul repine
Against those *Actions* which are none of thine:
Heav'n bids thee shine, what if thy *Rayes* be dim?
Doe thou thy best, leave the successe to him:
Follow thy *Work*, And when thy Soul shall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* shall follow thee.

22

On Rome.

GOod *Works*, abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they doe,
'Tis the best string they challenge to their Bow:
But ev'ry Hee's no *Monk* that wears a hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good:
When wandring Passengers have lost their way,
No sort of men that ride so fast as they.

23.

On three dayes and nights.

THou know'st our dying Saviour did repose
On *Friday*, On the *Sabbath*, he arose;
Tell me, by what account can he be said
To lodge *three dayes and nights* among the dead?
He dyde for all the World: what wanted here,
Was full supply'd in t'other *Hemisphear*.

24.

On Tobits *Dog.*

WHat luck had *Tobits Dog!* what *grace*, what *glo-*
Thus to be Kenel'd in the Eternal *Storie!* (ry
Until the *Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The mem'ry of *Tobits dog* shall live for ever.

25 On

25.

On the Gospels.

WHen two *Evangelists* shall seem to varie
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;
One truth doth guide them both; One spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to beleeve them both.

26.

On Servio.

SErvio, 'Tis scarcely worth thy pains, to smother
Or to subdue one Sin, and hug another:
Beleeve it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one, is a potentiall *Slave* to all.

27.

On Formio.

FOrmio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray,
His lips are seal'd from oaths upon that day;
Formio is clad in black, and will absent
His fleshly thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Thinkst thou that *Formio's* shaking hands with Sin?
No, 'tis but giving hands to meet agin.

28.

On John *and* Jesus.

JOhn was the *Morning Star* that did fore-run
The long wisht rising of our Glorious *Sun*:
The first word that *Johns* preaching lips expressed
Was this, *Repent*; Our Saviours first, was *Blessed*:
Iohn makes th' incision; *Iesus* makes it sound;
Iesus ne'r cures, where *Iohn* ne'r made a wound.

29.
On dispossessing.

WE read, A broyled Fishes *heart* will scare
A frighted Devill from a troubled brest:
We read again, By *Fasting*, and by *Pray'r*
The fierce *Demoniack's* onely dispossest:
What this affirms, that flatly does denie;
With reverence to the Text, *The's one's a lie*.

30.
On Herodias.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
That never leaves to *dance* untill she win me
To grant her Suit; will never cease to plead
Untill I give her my *Iohn Baptists* head:
O then my sorrow would be past her date,
And I, like *Herod*, should repent too late.

31.
On Malfido.

SAtans *Injections* are like Weeds that fall
Into thy Garden, darted o'e the Wall,
Whose loathsome smell unsent thy sweeter *flow'rs*;
But grow not there, unlesse we make them ours:
They'l die neglected; If thou lend them room,
They'l stink; But eas'ly thrown from whence they come:
Fear not, *Malfido*; those be they that spoil
Thy Flow'rs, that suck their *substance* from the soil.

32. *On*

32.
On Slanders.

WHen undeserv'd report distains my name,
It *shames* not, but perchance prevents a *shame*.

33.
On Law and Gospel.

THe *Law* is rough, the *Gospel* milde and calm;
That lanc'd the *Bile*, and this pours in the *Balm*.

34.
On a Bosome sin.

THat *sin* that findes more *credit* then the rest,
That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy *brest*;
That, in the *Bosome* of thy heart does lie;
That dips within thy *dish*, Sayes, *Is it I?*
That gives thee *kisses*, that's the *sin* that slayes thee,
O that, O that's the *Iudas* that betrayes thee.

35.
On the World.

THe World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternall *Art*
Of the great Maker, printed in Mans heart;
'Tis falsely *printed*, though divinely *pen'd*,
And all th' *Errata* will appear at th' *end*.

36.
On my Soul.

MY weather-beaten Soul long time has bin
Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin;

But now afflictions *ſtorm* does drive and toſſe
Her batter'd *Keel*: The wind is loud and croſſe:
Fear fills her tatter'd *ſailes*, and *doubts* do drive her,
She knowes not where, and of all hopes deprive her:
Thus, thus tranſported by the troubled Aire
Amongſt the ſwallowing *Quick-ſands* of deſpair,
If not prevented by a greater power,
She looks for *wreck*, and *ruine* ev'ry hower;
O, that mine eyes could rain a *ſhowr* of Tears,
That, that would lay the *ſtorm* of all my Fears.

37.

On the Cuckoe.

THe idle *Cuckoe*, having made a Feaſt
On Sparrows Eggs, layes down her own i'th' Neſt;
The ſilly Bird thee owns it, hatches, feeds it;
Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it;
It neither wants repoſe nor yet repaſt,
And joyes to ſee her *Chicken* thrive ſo faſt:
But when this gaping Monſter has found ſtrength
To ſhift without a helper, ſhee at length
Not caring for that tender care that bred her,
Forgets her parent, kills the *Bird* that fed her:
The *ſin* we foſter in our boſome, thus
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

38.

On Tobit.

WAs it not time to ſend his ſon to *Rages*,
For mony, when his *wife* ſpun hard for *wages*?
Was't not high time for him to poſt away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

39.

On David.

WHo ever ſung ſo high, ſo rapt an *Iö*
As *David*, prompted by heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Urania* ſung,
What glorious Angel had ſo ſweet a tongue?
But when *Melpomene* began to ſing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or ſome *higher thing*:
Sweet were thy *triumphs*, ſweet thoſe *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears*, were more then moſt *Divine*.

40.

On a Monument.

SEeſt thou that *Mon'ment*? Doſt thou ſee how Art
Does poliſh nature to adorn each part
Of that rare Work, whoſe glorious Fabrick may
Commend her duty to an after day?
Is't not a daintie Peece? and apt to raiſe
A rare advantage to the Makers praiſe?
But knowſt thou what this dainty Peece incloſes?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* there repoſes
A noiſome putrid Carkaſs, half devour'd
By crawling *Cauibals*, diſguis'd, defleur'd
With loath'd Corruption, whoſe conſuming ſent
Would poiſon thoughts, although it have no vent:
Ev'n ſuch a *Piece* art thou, who ere thou be
That readſt theſe Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee*:
Thy Body is a Fabrick, wherein nature
And Art conſpire to heighten up a creature
To ſome Perfection, being a living Storie
And rare *abridgement* of his Makers glory;
But full of loathſome *Filth*, and naſtie *mire*
Of luſt, uncurb'd Affections, baſe deſire,

Curious without, but most corrupt within,
A glorious *Monument* of inglorious *sin.*

41.
On Plausus.

Plausus has built a *Church*: And lest his Glory
Should die, has boasted his vain-glorious Storie
Upon the painted *Wall*, and built to Fame
A large *Memorial* of his doubtfull Name:
Plausus, 'tis bravely done, thy deeds make known
Thou either seekst *Gods* glory, or thy *own.*

42.
On Censorio.

THou blam'st the *Age*, condemns the *daies* of *crimes*,
If thou wouldst mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend the *Times.*

43.
On Fools of both kindes.

SOme scorn the Crosse, whilst others *fall before it*:
Some *sit* and take the Bread, and some *adore it*:
Some are too *bold*, and others too too *nice*:
Fools act a Sin, whilst they decline a Vice.

44.
On the name of Iesus,

IT is the common course of man to double
The Name of *Iesus* in the time of trouble.
The Name of *Lord* is not a title to please us,
Iesu's no Lord with us; if *Lord*, no *Iesus.*

48 On

45.

On the Woman with the Issue.

HOw could thy Soul, fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so easily cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the touch of *cloth* was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing Bloud?
Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
Or why, I read not, that thou didst adore it,
He ne're so much as own'd thee, Woman: Sure,
Thy *Faith*, and not his *Garments* wrought the Cure.

46.

On our Redemption.

WE were created at a *Word*, a *Breath*;
Redeemed with no lesse then *Bloud* and *Death*.
How much a greater labour is it, than
To *wash* a Sinner, then to *make* a Man!

47.

On Gods Arme.

'TWas not, that he was *weak*; or thou so *strong*,
He *dy'd* so soon, or that thou *liv'st* so long:
The head-strong Oxe is haled to the slaughter,
When the poor *worm* crawls many a *Summer* after:
When Heav'ns victorious *arm* shall please to strike,
The *Giant* and the *Pigmie* are alike.

48.

On our Blessed Saviour.

O Thou that wert the *King* of Heav'n and Earth,
How poorly wert thou attended at thy Birth!

A Man-

A Manger was thy *Cradle*, and a Stable
Thy *Privie Chamber*, *Marie's* knees thy *Table*;
Theeves were thy *Courtiers*, and the Crosse thy *Throne*;
Thy *Dyes*, Gall; A wreath of Thornes thy *Crown*;
All this, the King of Glory endur'd, and more,
To make us *Kings*, that were but *slaves* before.

49.
On Corduplo.

KEep in thy *Actions*, and maintain thy *Fences*,
Of thy clos'd lips, *Corduplo*, and thy *Senses*;
Thou shalt deceive both Man and Devill too,
And mayest be damn'd, and yet they never know;
The Devils power of knowledge never delves
Into our hearts, till we proclaim our selves.

50.
On Dreams.

WHo dreams a *sin*, and not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, sins, as if he did it;
Which if thy slumbring Soul could not prevent,
Th'art safe, if thou hast dream'd thou didst *repent*.

51.
On Adam.

HOw soon, poor *Adam*, was thy *Freedome* lost!
Forfeit to death ere thou hadst time to boast;
Before thy Triumph was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *rising* and a *setting* Sun:
How soon that ends, that should have ended never!
Thine eyes ne'r slept, untill they slept for ever.

52. *On*

52.

On Sinnes and Bleſſings.

WE write thy *common Bleſſings*, Lord, upon
A ſliding ſtream; no ſooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illuſtrious Favours we entruſt
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Guſt;
But, Lord, our Scrowle of *ſinnes* are written down
On during Marble, or ſome harder ſtone;
And our extream miſ-doings are thought good
To be inſcrib'd, like *Draco's Lawes*, in blood:
Lord, let us change our *Tables*, or our *Story*,
And we ſhall haye more *Comfort*; Thou more *Glory*.

53.

On Celia.

Celia complaines, her Heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it ceaſe to ſwell;
Tis too too proud with bloud, perverſe and ſtout;
It muſt be launc'd to let the humour out:
Alas, no Launce can pierce it; It is growne
More hard than *Rance*; or th' *Adamantine ſtone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou muſt
Make the inciſion with her own made *duſt*.

54.

On Puſillus.

Puſillus can be jocund, never whines
When he is full; but ſtill, in want repines;
And like a bad-nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
Hee's at a *Fault*, if not the Game in *view*:
Be well adviſ'd *Puſillus*; Heav'n may chance,
To *pipe* no more, if thou give ore to *dance*.

55. On

55.
On Beleefe.

THe Devils doe *bbleeve*; I know they doe;
But their *Beleefe* does make them *tremble* too.

56.
On Craſtinio.

PAſt time is gone, the *Future* is to be;
Craſtinio, ſay, which moſt belongs to thee?
The *firſt*, thou further goeſt and further from;
And thou mayſt die before the *laſt* ſhall come:
The *firſt*, *Craſtinio*'s now grown out of date;
Perchance the *laſt* may come, but come too late:
The *laſt*'s uncertain, and the *firſt* is gone,
The *preſent* then *Craſtinio*'s thine, or none.

57.
On an Hower-glaſſe.

MAns life is like an *Hower-glaſſe*, wherein
Each ſev'rall *ſand* that paſſes, is a Sin:
And when the lateſt *ſand* is ſpent and run,
Our *ſins* are finiſht, as our *lives* are done.

58.
On Kain.

KAin, 'tis true: It was, and did appear
A *Puniſhment* too great for thee to bear:
If thou hadſt had a *Faith*, and couldſt have bin
As much oppreſt and loaded with thy *ſin*,
Thy greater patience either might out-worne it,
Or fonnd more able *ſhoulders* to have borne it.

59. On

59.

On Ticio.

Ticio ſtands gaping for the clouded Sun
To be inform'd how faſt the howers run;
Ah, fooliſh *Ticio*, art thou ſound in mind,
To loſe by *ſeeking*, what thou ſeekſt to *find*?

60.

On Sortio.

Sortio, that mak'ſt a *Trade* of gaming, know
Thou breakſt *two* great *Command'ments* at a throw:
The *Third* thou breakſt by thy abuſe of *Lot*;
Thou breakſt the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not*:
Now tell me, *Sortio*,, whether ſins moſt high,
He that playes *fair*, or he that helps a *Die*?

61.

On Raymond Sebund.

HOnour to high-brain'd *Ramond*, And no leſſe
To thy renowned Scholler, great *Du Pleſſe*:
Your high attempts object to our dull ſight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *light*:
But what has *Raymond*, and *Du Pleſſis* done?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

62.

To Henry *Earle of* Holland.

'Tis not the *Sun-ſhine* of great *Cæſars* Eye,
Nor our *opinion* makes thy honour flye
So fair a *pitch*; Nor need thy glory claime
Aſſiſtance from thy *Bloud*, t' enrich thy Name:

But what it is that mounts thee up so high,
The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I:
Bloud gives no *Vertue*; nor Opinion *Glory*;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory*;
Heav'ns *Act* is mingled with great *Cæsars Eye*:
Heav'n gave thee *wings*, and *Cæsar* bids thee *flye*.

63.

On Drunkards and Idolaters.

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the lesse?
Which finds the *sharper*? which the *milder Rod*?
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *Beast*,
Or turn the Image of a Beast to *God*?
Thrice happy is that soul, and more than thrice,
That buyes no knowledge at so dear a price.

64.

On Dying.

HE that would die once well, must often trie;
Practice does bring perfection how to die:
The Law's our *Tutor*; and the World our *Schoole*,
Wherein w' are taught by *example*, as by *Rule*:
The Rod's *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The *Gospel* comes, and begs us leave to *play*.

65.

On Ravens and Lilies.

ARe not the *Ravens*, great God, sustain'd by Thee:
And wilt thou clothe the *Lilies*, and not mee?
I'll nere distrust my God, for *Cloth*, and *Bread*,
Whilst *Lilies* flourish, and the *Raven's* fed.

66. On

66.
On degrees of Sin.

CUrſes proportion to the *ſins* degree:
Adam, had *one*; *Eve*, *two*; the Serpent, *three*.

67.
A laſt Will.

MY Life's my *dying day*; wherein I ſtill
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will*:
My *Soul* I doe bequeath to God; provided
Some ſmaller *Legacies* may be divided
Among my Friends: *Item*, my *ſins* I give
To my dear *Jeſus*, whether die or live:
Item, I give the World, that did refreſh
The tender frailty of my feeble Fleſh,
My leſſer *Cares*: I doe bequeath moreover,
To my poor body, *home-ſpun Cloth*, to cover
And hide her ſhame; and *Food*, for needfull diet;
Some *ſleep*, but not immoderate, to quiet
Diſtemper'd *Nature*, and in her Vacation,
Some lawfull *Pleaſures* for her Recreation;
My *Charity*, to my poor helpleſſe brother,
I give: my *Prayers* to the true Church my *Mother*,
Whoſe watchfull eyes I muſt deſire ſtill,
To be the *Over-ſeers* of my *Will*.

68.
On our Jeſus.

HEe's like a *Rock*, which when we ſtrive to ſhun,
We are in danger to be wreckt upon;
But when our wide-ſpred Armes ſeek *Refuge* there,
It will ſecure us from the *harmes* we feare.

69.

To King Charles.

THe Common wealth is like an *Instrument*;
The divers sorts of People represent
The *strings*, all differing in *degrees*, in *places*;
Some *Trebles*, and some *Meanes*, and some are *Bases*;
The potent Rulers the *Musitians* are;
The musick, sometimes *peace*, and sometimes *war*;
The Lawes are like the *Ruled Books* that lie
Before their eyes; and which they practice by:
Play on great *Charles*; Heav'n make thy *strings* as strong,
And true, as thou art skilfull: Ravish long
The worlds wide eares, with thy diviner *Ayres*,
That whosoever to thy Land repayres,
May thence returne amaz'd; and tell the Story
Of Brittains *Triumph*, in great *Charles* his *Glory*.

70.

A Riddle.

THe Goods we spend, we *keep*, and what we save,
We *lose*, and onely what we lose, we *have*.

71.

On Glorioso.

NEre vaunt *Glorioso*, that thou oft reliev'st
The poor; *Glorioso*, 'tis not thine, thou giv'st:
Boast what's thy own; Thou art the poor mans *Sive*;
Thy wealth was giv'n thee, with a *Clause*, to give;
Put case it were thy own thou gav'st; what then?
Thy own *Applause* hath paid thy own agen.

72.
On Judas.

Two hundred pence! What's that to thee? But say
That ſo much Ointment had been caſt away;
The *coyne* that paid for't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas*, that's the cauſe thou didſt *repine*.

73.
On Impropriator.

LOrd, how he ſwels! as if he had, at leaſt,
A *Common-wealth* repoſed in his breaſt:
A *Common-wealth*? 'Twas ſhrewdly gueſt, I tell yee;
He has a Leaſh of *Churches* in his *Belly*.

74.
On the ſame.

PRodigious Stomach! what a cruell deale
It can devoure! whole Churches at a *meale*:
'Tis very ſtrange that Nature ſhould deliver
So good a *Stomach* to ſo bad a *Liver*.

75.
On Lucro.

Lucro, it is beleev'd, thy *Conſcience*, either
Is very *wide*, or made of *ſtretching leather*:
Me thinks thy *Conſcience* rather ſeems too ſmall;
So far from *large*, I fear th'aſt *none at all*.

76.

To GOD.

IF thou ſhouldſt ſtrike a blow for ev'ry *ſlip*
That mortals make, or ſpur for ev'ry *trip*,
Within a moments ſpace, here would be found
No *place* left free t' inflict another wound:
Hackneys and ſpur gall'd *Jades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, than *We*.

77.

On Sleep and Death.

IT is receiv'd, that *Sleep*'s the *elder brother*;
I ſee no reaſon for 't: I think, the other:
Though *Sleep* does now uſurp the upper hand,
I'm ſure that *Death* does ſweep away the *Land*.

78.

To Rhemus.

THy Conſcience tels thee, that to make debate
'Twixt *Prince* and *People*, to ſubvert a *State*,
To violate a *Truce*, to murther *Kings*,
Are lawfull; nay, are *meritorious* things:
Thou haſt a freedome more than we, wherein
To doe againſt thy *Conſcience*, and not ſin.

79.

On Glorioſo.

HE that relieves his brother in diſtreſſe,
And ſeeks no vain *Applauſe*, do's nothing leſſe
Than lend to his *Redeemer*, laying down
A worthleſſe *Counter*, to take up a *Crown*:

But

But if *vain-glory* prompt thy tongue to boaſt,
It is not *lent*, *Glorioſo*, 'tis but *loſt*.

80.
To GOD.

I Wonder, Lord: thou ſhouldſt ſo much deſire
Our *younger dayes*, when as the green-wood fire
Of feeble *Nature* is but newly blown,
When ev'ry *Roome's* unfurniſht, and not one
Fit for the preſence of ſo great a *Gueſt*,
None trim'd with *Art*, no, not ſo much as dreſt
With *common* ſenſe, when as th' unburniſht print
Of thy fair *Image*, taken from the Mint
But now, has not the leaſt imbelliſhment
Of *heav'nly knowledge*: Lord, what haſt thou ment,
To make ſuch choice, to chooſe a time ſo ill,
When we have neither meanes, nor yet a will
To entertain? Would not our deeper *Age*,
Wherein the *Toyes* of Child-hood, and the *rage*,
The *fire* of luſtfull Youth ſhall be abated,
Wherein our riper Soules ſhall be eſtated,
In richer *Knowledge*, and the ſtrength of *Reaſon*;
O might not, might not this been thought a ſeaſon,
A time more aptly choſen of the twain,
For thee to come; and us to entertain?
No; thou, great God, that art our wiſe Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature:
Thou knew'ſt the Bow of our corrupted will
Stood bent to miſchiefe, would be *drawn* to ill
By ev'ry Arme; Thou knew'ſt that ev'ry hower
Gave new encreaſe to ſtrength, and double power
To draw thoſe ſinfull *ſhafts* that ſhoot at heaven;
Thou knew'ſt our eaſie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worſe; from worſe to worſt of all:

Thou

Thou knowst that *growing Time* would more unlevell
Our rugged *Wills*, and took it the best of evill:
Lord, take it, and betimes; that, being possest
Of that, thou mayest prescribe for all the rest.

81.

On Partio.

THou sayst thy *Will* is good, and glori'st in it,
And yet forgetst thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
When the Testators *mem'ry* was not good?

82.

On an evill Conscience.

WHat Hells of *Horror* an evill *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera's* what prodigious *things*
A pregnant *womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We sin; but least, when most we sin agin it.

83.

To Mundano.

NEre think, *Mundano*, that one *Rome* will hold
Thy *God*, and all thy *gold*;
If ere they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l either fight, or part:
So long as *Earth* seemes glorious in thine eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise:
Beleev't *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou getst to Heav'n, the *lesse* will earth appear.

84. *To*

84.

To my Friend.

WOuldſt thou be proſp'rous, tho the bended *brow*
Of *Fortune* threaten thee? Ile teach thee how:
Call home thy deareſt *wiſhes*, and recall
Thy *hopes*; Expect the worſt that can befall:
If't come, thy heart will be the more ſecure,
The leſſe amaz'd, and able to endure:
If it come not, *Expectance* is no loſſe;
Perchance it armes thee for another *Croſſe*:
Thus wiſely ſheltred under this reliefe,
Thy *Joy* ſhall be the leſſe; and leſſe thy *Griefe*.

85.

To Malfido.

CHear up *Malfido*, Lay thy thoughts more levell;
Make ſure of *Grace*, and ne'r ſuſpect thy *Food*;
He that is *Good*, can give a thing that's evill
No more than thou, being *evill*, canſt with a good:
He better knowes to give, than thou to begge;
Thou whin'ſt for *Stones*, an' grumbleſt at an *Egge*
O, let his better will ſuſpend thy wiſh,
And thou ſhalt find no *Scorpion*, it no *Fiſh*.

86.

On Crucio.

THou ſtill complain'ſt that *ſorrowes* doe attend thee,
And that their *ſavours* doe ſo much annoy thee:
Miſtake not, they are *weapons* to defend thee;
They be not *Engins*, *Crucio*, to deſtroy thee;
Wilt thou miſlike thy Crops of ſwelling *Corn*,
Becauſe th' are trencht, and fenc'd about with *thorn*?

87. *To*

87.

To Rhemus.

TIs true; we are but *dust*; but *wormes*; nay *men*;
That are more baſe than either; And what then?
Shall *wormes*, or *dust*, or *men* be well aduis'd,
To goe in *perſon* (where we have deſpis'd)
Before a *God*, a glorious God? I, doe;
Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee welcome too:
Rhemus, when call'd in *perſon*, you appeare
By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
Tis better to be *wiſely bold*, than make
Thy ſelf unmannerly, for *manners* ſake:
Some ill bred Clownes there be, that being loath
To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

88.

To Macio.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorne,
Thou muſt be made a *Jewell*, to be worne
In *Abr'ams boſome*: *Macio*, he that comes
To *Abram's boſome*, finds his way by *Crummes*.

89.

On Reproofe.

TIs not enough to ſtrive agin the *Act*,
Or not to doe't; we muſt reprove the *Fact*
In others too; The *Sin*, being once made knowa
To us, if not reprov'd, becomes our *own*:
We muſt *diſſwade* the Vice, we ſcorn to *follow*;
We muſt *ſpit out*, as well as never *ſwallow*.

90. Of

90.

On Curio.

TWo *Eares* to let in *Knowledge* Nature gave;
To entertain true *Faith* one *Heart* we have;
Why so? Ile tell thee *Curio*, in brief,
Our *knowledge* twice exceeds our *half beleef*.

91.

On Zelustus.

Zelustus thinks, his paines are worth his labour
If he love *God*, though he traduce his *Neighbour*:
His hot-mouth'd *Zeale* false-gallops on so fast
In the *first Table*, 't tyers in the *last*:
Art thou a faithfull *Steward* of Gods store,
Zelustus, that spend'st *six*, and keep'st but *Foure*?

92.

On Philautos.

Philauto's Charity is like a *Mouse*
That keeps at home, and never leaves the house,
Till it be fir'd: It stirs for no mans cause,
Unlesse to feed on *Crummes* of vain Applause:
Take heed, *Philautos*, least thou heed too late;
The *Mouse*, in time, will eat up thy *Estate*.

93.

On Dubius.

Dubius, Thy eares are two, thy tongue but one;
Hear God and Priest, *Confesse*, to God alone.

94.

To Sir Julius Cæsar, *Master of the Rolles.*

THe high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n does please
To crown our transitory dayes, are these;
Goods well possest, and not possessing thee:
A faithfull *Friend*, equall in love, degree:
Lands fruitfull, and not conscious of a *Curse*;
A boastlesse *hand*; A Charitable *purse*:
A smiling *Conscience*; A contented *Mind*;
A sober knowledge, with true *Wisdome* joyn'd:
A *Breast* well temper'd; *Dyes* without Art,
Surfeit, or want; A wisely simple *Heart*;
Pastimes ingenuous, lawfull, manly, sparing;
A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring;
A *Body* healthfull, sound, and fit for labour;
A *House* well order'd, and an equall *Neighbour*;
A prudent *Wife*, and constant to the roof;
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
Sleep seasonable, moderate, and secure;
Actions heroick, constant, blamelesse, pure;
A life, as long as fair; and when expir'd,
A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

95.

On Lucro.

L*Ucro*, how poor thy *Tyrant wealth* has made thee?
How miserable poor! It has betrayd thee
To thy own seeming self; And it is grown
As little thine, or lesse than thou, thy own:
Alas, poor *Lucro*, how thy fruitfull pawnes
Abuse thy Stomack, that so often yawnes
For a good Morsell, whilst thy *Saint* does rome
Like a *Decoy*, t'entice evill *Angels* home,

Whose

Whose more imperious presence must controule
And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soule!
Lucro, be slave no longer to thy pelfe;
Subdue thy Gold, and make thy self, thy self:
But if thy *Saint* be grown too strong for thee,
Ile tell thee *Lucro*; turn thy *Saint* to me.

96.
On Mendax.

FAir spoken *Mendax*; on the least occasion,
Sweares by his *Faith*, and by his own *Salvation*.
Is rash-brain *Mendax* well advised then,
To pawn his Faith in *God*, for Faith with *Men*?
Sure, smalls thy Wit or Credit to be drawn
For *Water* so poor, to leave so great a *Pawn*.

97.
On Blandus.

WHen ere I with my *Blandus* a Good morrow
He is my *Servant*: If I come to borrow,
Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,
I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* does reply:
If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
He is my *Servant*, and does kisse my hand;
Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be
I am your *Servant*: If he drink to me
My *Servant* does it; I return his Love,
My *Servant* pledges: If my lips doe move
A Suit, he is my *Servant*; Though I doe
Abuse my *Blandus*, hee's my *Servant* too:
How blest am I, his service should be such
To me! He never told his God so much:
How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine,
That art his *Servant*, not so much, as mine!

98.
On Rebellio.

THe ſtout *Rebellio* ſcourged by his God,
Slights his Correction, and ne'r ownes the Rod;
Take heed, *Rebellio*; Be not ſtout too long;
Neglected *ſtripes* doe oft return more ſtrong,
A ſtubborn *ſilence* more ill nature ſhowes,
Than *ſobbs* of Stomack, and deſerves more blowes.

99.
On God and Gold.

MY *God* and *gold* cannot poſſeſſe one heart:
My *God* and I; or *gold* and I muſt part.

100.
To James *Archbiſhop of* Armagh.

REnowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
What ſecret vertues in Saint *Patricks Chair*;
If any; I dare boldly ſay, 'tis more
Since thou ſat'ſt there, than ere it was before:
Goe on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
(As ſure it will) ſhall drown S. *Patricks glory*:
Iërna will (as now *Iërna* vaunts)
Be known, as well as call'd, *The Iſle of Saints*.

101.
On a waking Conſcience.

THere is a kind of *Conſcience* ſome men keep,
Is like a Member that's benumb'd with ſleep;
Which as it gathers Bloud, and wakes agen,
It *ſhoots*, and *pricks*, and *feeles* as big as *ten*.

102. *On*

102.

On our Affections.

O How preposterous our *Affections* burn!
We *serve* the world, *love* God, to serve our turn.

103.

On Zelustus.

Zelustus weares his cloaths, as he were clod
To frighten *Crowes*, and not to serve his *God*;
As if the Symptomes of *Regeneration*
Were nothing but a Christian *out of Fashion*.

104.

On Rebellio.

WHat? ever whining? Evermore alike, (strike?
Both when *heav'n* strikes, and when he leaves to
Not stroke thy stomack down, when as thy God
Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
Take heed, *Rebellio*, heaven doe not reply
Upon thy *Sobbs*, and he that made thee cry
For thy own Good, reward not thy repining
With a new *Rod*, and scourge thee worse for *whining*.

105.

On Zelustus.

NOt thy *Geneva Ruffe*, nor steeple *Hat*
With flagging *Eaves*, or *Cipresse* out of date;
Thy nock-shorn *Cloak*, with a round narrow Cape;
Thy *Russet hose* crosse-gartered with a *Tape*;
Thy Antick *Habit*, of the old Translation,
Made for the purpose in despight of *Fashion*;

'Tis none of theſe, *Zeluſtus*, that can bring
Thy zeal in credit; none of theſe can wring
The leaſt applauſe from heav'n: Heav'n never ment
A Chriſtians *Conſcience* ſhould be bound or bent
To *ſhapes*; *Zeluſtus*, we can ſcarce divide
An *Affectation* from a ſecret *Pride*.

106.
On Conſcio.

ART thou revil'd, and ſlandred? and yet whine?
I fear th'art guilty: Is that heart of thine
So faint (if guiltleſſe) that it cannot ſtoop
Beneath ſo poor a *Burthen*, and not droop?
He that has fire at home may well refrain
To blow his fingers, *Conſcio*, or complain
The weather's cold abroad: Make ſure within,
And let them cenſure, let them ſnarle agin:
Thou mayeſt *appear*, but not be this the worſe;
If *Conſcience* bleſſe thee, Doe, let *Shimei* curſe.

107.
To GOD.

THy Sacred *Will* be done great God,
To ſpend, or to ſuſpend thy *Rod*:
If poſſible, my will's to miſſe it;
If otherwiſe, to ſtoop, and *kiſſe it*.

108.
On Devotion.

WE muſt not onely *be* to God, but *ſhow*
To Man; *Pauls Cloak* muſt be remembred too.

109. *On*

109.
On the Christian.

'Tis not enough that the *Kings Daughter* should
Be *fair* within; She must be clad in *Gold*;
The curious *Needle* cloathes her whiter skin;
Shee's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true born *Christians*, must as well, be clod
With *lives* to men, as lin'd with *hearts* to God.

110.
On Mercy and Justice.

GOds *Mercy* and his *Justice* is the same;
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

111.
On Aulicus.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts; He could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry;
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, He could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his Favours change,
As well as Fortunes, Now his eyes are strange:
His thoughts are *Councels*, curious *webs* of State;
And all his Actions must be wonder'd at;
His speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An *Oracle*, to be admir'd, ador'd.
Friendship must now be *service*: A new mold
Must have new *Matter*, melted from the old:
O *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if thou couldst doe
The very same in *spirituall honour* too.

112.

To Rhemus.

FAith must be joyn'd to *works*: *Rhemus*, I wonder,
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sunder!

113.

On Tortus.

'TIs not the bearing of the *Crosse*, or *Cup*
Of thy Affliction; Thou must take them up:
Nor is't the taking up alone, will doe,
Tortus, thou must *take up*, and *follow* too.

114.

On Gracchus.

GRacchus so often did repeat a *Lye*,
Past on with Credit, from his very youth,
That now his Conscience has forborn to cry
Against it, and perswades him 'tis a *Truth*:
'Tis well for *Gracchus*; he has gain'd thereby,
He now may tell the same, and never lye.

115.

On Phares.

THou say'st it is a *Supper*, and it's fit
To use the *Posture* of a *Meal* to sit:
Can thy Discretion, *Phares*, or thy zeal
Give *carnall gestures* to a *Spirituall Meal*?
A heavenly *Supper*, and a fleshly *Heart*?
Thy *Posture* has discover'd *what thou art*.

116. *On*

116.

On the ſame.

YOu'l take it *ſitting*: Pray, and no man know it:
You'l doe, and yet you will not ſeem to doe it;
You'l bow your *Heart*, although you bend no *Knee*:
'Tis like your *Self*; You ſeem not what you be.

117.

To my Book.

SO, Now 'tis time to wean thee from my breſt;
Thy *Teeth* grow ſharp, *my Babe*, It will be beſt
For both: Thy haſtie *Nurſe* is come to take thee
From my fond *arms*: ne'r whimper, he will make thee
A daintie Golden Coat: Let it ſuffice thee,
Thou art mine ſtill: howere; Thy *Nurſe* wil *prize* thee
For his own ſake and thine: When thou art ſtrong,
And ſure of foot, hee'l let thee ſport among
Thy *fellow-Children*; Hee will let thee ſee
The *World*, which thou hadſt never ſeen with me:
Thou may'ſt doe well, if *Fortune* ſtrike thee luck,
And fair *Opinion*; Thou didſt never ſuck
But one *good Friday*, and thou mayeſt improve
As well in *Merit*, as in popular *love*;
Thou haſt *ſix Brethren* (born as well as thee
Of a free *Muſe*) legitimate and free;
Pages to *Cæſar*, and in *Cæſars* Court,
Beſides an *Iſhmael*, that attends the Port:
Of a great *Lord*, an honourable *Peer*
Of this bleſt *Realm*: If ere thou wander there,
They'l bid thee welcome, at the times of leaſure,
Perchance, and bring thee to the hand of *Cæſar*:
Thou art but young and tender, (for who knowes
The *paths* of Fate?) perhaps, and one of thoſe

Whom I

Whom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
May be produc'd (for thou art half *divine*)
To after Ages, to the utmost date
Of Time; who knows? but we subscribe to *Fate*:
Perchance, thy Fortune's to be *bought and sold*;
Was not young *Joseph* serv'd the like of old?
Thy bondage may, like his be made, perchance,
A *step to Honour*, and a means t'advance
Thy higher Fortunes, and prepare thy *hand*
To ease a *dearth*, if *dearth* should strike the Land:
But I transgresse, *my Babe*: 'Tis time to part,
The *Laws* of Nature break the *Rules* of Art;
Once more farewell: Let *Heav'ns* high blessings shine
On my *poor Babe*, as my *poor Babe* has mine.

The End of the fourth and last Book.